

MADE BY HAND

MAN AT HIS BEST
JUNE + JULY '17

Esquire

The Hunt for
Putin's
Spies in D.C.
Poisoned
Caviar,
Anyone?

THE
BEST
BARS
IN AMERICA
(Served
with a Twist,
of Course)

WHAT YOU
SHOULD
BE GRILLING
WHILE YOU'RE
CHILLING

Bad Sex
A Hilarious
Tale of Infidelity
By Matthew Klam

JAY Z
A Lesson in
How to Become
an American
Legend

GAME OF THRONES'

Kit Harington
Gets Ready
for His Next
Fight

WHY NO ONE LIKES TO BE CRITICIZED by Richard Ford



Cartier

DRIVE DE CARTIER
MANUFACTURE MOVEMENT 1904 MC

THE DRIVE DE CARTIER COLLECTION IS ELEGANCE REDEFINED. THE DURABLE LUXE OF THIS CUSHION-SHAPE WATCH CREATES A TRULY STYLISH PIECE, BROUGHT TO LIFE BY THE MARQUE MANUFACTURE MOVEMENT 1904 MC. FURNISHED IN 18KT CARTIER CREATES EXCEPTIONAL WATCHES THAT COMBINE DARING DESIGN AND WATCH-MAKING SAVOIR-FAIRE.

DRIVEDBYYOU



LOUIS VUITTON



GUCCI

gucci.com

this Way In:



CONTENTS

DEPARTMENTS

FROM THE ARCHIVES: INSPIRATION BOARD

ESKY HITS THE BEACH, 1956

Before Hasselblad & Co. watched our bays and beaches, there was one man who was up for the job: Esky—as seen here in the August 1956 issue, keeping his eyes peeled. The issue also featured an essay on inspiration by Aldous Huxley, a piece by designer Paul McCobb on the pleasures of a “hi-fi” system (“it can be a hobby or a relaxation”); and a map detailing summer travel’s newest and biggest game-changer: the interstate toll-road system! To see who is working the beach this summer, turn to page 108.



12 **Carrie Bradin**

Editor's Letter

15 **The Big Bite**

Lioness in full Scharnhorst form dons a wonderland, for Cider's there on three legs, the more meaty macarons. (Esky believed prepose Al Franken for the shankey of Congress.)

35 **The Code**

Look Upfront and Supreme book spyware can look on play consumer has a congressional, the words state psc'll never result to knowhow to effects for another for the moment.

57 **The Best Bars in America, 2011**

Shoalwater drink experiences at this great food—and beyond.

70 **Unconventional Wisdom**

By Douglas Goren One successful fight back against the all-powerful algorithm.

72 **Original Thinkers**

Cool intellectual records and billions of dollars later, Interopre technology became not finished

74 **Money Talks**

Shake Shack's Danny Meyer on his thirty-five-dollar meal, the highest he wants to consider, and why he won't drink water from a tap of another.

76 **The Art Whisperer**

By John P. Richardson and David Salle A masterpiece in which contemporary art is headed

124 **What We Learned**

Garry Kasparov talks strategy and investment class, politics, and life.

Master Teacher round (\$2.99) by Angliss
Jangjoneschance out.



HANG TIME

THOM BROWNE'S BARBARIAN DAYS

Some runway shows are all about spectacle. We're talking rotating stages, laser lights, and enough house music to score a *Griss Angel* performance. Thom Browne's spring-summer presentation was just as over-the-top, but as always, he was in on the joke. Models changed from supersized, robe-like jumpsuits into sherbet-colored blazers into tropical-print swimsuits, and for the final walk, each toted one of these custom surfboards. Now you can get one, too. Use it as an art piece, a conversation starter, a coffee table, or even a surfboard.

Browne 154,000 by Thom Browne; thombrowne.com

CONTENTS

FEATURES

- 78 **Kill the Boy... Let the Man Be Born!**
By Logan Hall
An Game of Thrones star gets second-to-last season, Kit Harington does a double. To enter the next phase, must he leave Jon Snow behind?
- 86 **Money Honey**
By Matthew Kline
An exclusive excerpt from the author's forthcoming novel, *What It Takes*.
- 90 **The Inconvenient Comrade**
By Daniel M. Goff
One man stands at the center of the Trump-Russia investigation. Who is Sergey Kislyak, and what does he know?
- 96 **Hang in There, Dude!**
By Bryan Stephen
Lukash Stasiukovitch's cleverest move might not have been deadly, but it's still killing.
- 104 **Perilous Business**
By Richard Fife
A novella set on hot coral.
- 108 **Stop Right There, Mister**
By Eric Sander
Kelly Kohlbeck would like a few words with you.
- 112 **A to Z**
By Ryen Russillo
Taking stock of Big K, whose creativity, business sense, and public profile have transformed America over the past two decades.

ON THE COVER

KIT HARINGTON



OPPOSITE BY KAREN LEAH RAY FOR EW.COM
Left: Suit, shirt, and tie by Prada; watch by Breitling. Right:
Courtesy of *Time* and *Entertainment Weekly*.
Covered by *EW.COM*; Courtesy of *EW.COM*.
Covered by *EW.COM*; Courtesy of *EW.COM*.

photograph (top left) JEFFING WESTBROOK

BORN TO DARE

#BornToDare

BLACK Bay 41



TUDOR

This Way In

©2014 HBO
Distributed by
Warner Bros.
Entertainment
and its Subsidiaries



 JON SNOW KNOWS MORE THAN YOU THINK.
KIT HARRINGTON PLAYS THE NIGHT KING.
PAGE 78

AND THE WINNER IS...

RATED #1 WORLD'S BEST GIN*



*Cigar & Spirits Magazine October 2014 & March 2014
Discover More At NOLETBOUTIQUE.COM

NOLET'S DRY GIN
70% alc./vol.
40.0% alc./vol.



A SHOE FOR MINIMALISTS **THE PERFECT PARED-DOWN LOAFER**

► All loafers are not created equal. There are slick, narrow semi-slippers. There are chunky, beef-rolled brutes. And then there's this—subtlety in stede. The folded tongue and barely extended apron toe let the shape of the shoe shine, but the guts are just as appealing: a quilted leather insole and Goodyear welt make it one of the lightest, most comfortable shoes in John Lobb's legendary stock.

and the other is about which one

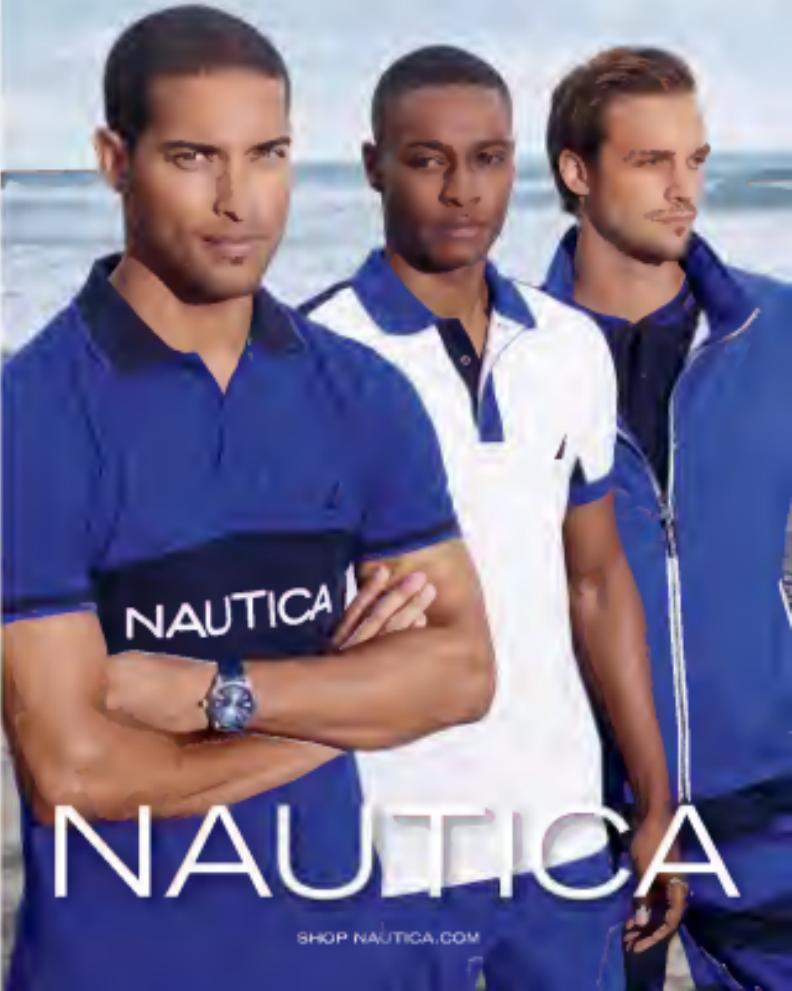
Chin-Wing Lin

Esquire

新時代 FIELDO

HELEN PARKY Executive Director of Editorial
ART MELVIN Creative Director
ROBERT QUINNENT Editorial Director
CHRISTOPHER RUMMEL Art Director
EMILY TURKOWSKY Executive Pictures Director
WITH SALLY LEE Artistic Director
MATTHEW WILSON Artistic Director
REPORTER AND WRITER FOR THE LYRIC DRAMATIC
ROBERT YARBER Associate Editor
WILLIAMSON-PETTER Editor-in-Charge
JAY ALEXANDER Head of Books and Drama; Literary
Editor; Associate Editor of "Theatre Review"; Associate Editor
CHARLES H. YOUNG Literary Editor
WITH ROBERT
ROBERT NEWMAYER Assistant in the Office of "City"
OF THE BROADWAY THEATRE
EDWARD LARSEN Executive Associate
EDITORIAL STAFF
ART DIRECTOR
THE BROADWAY THEATRE
175 BROADWAY, DOWNTOWN
NEW YORK CITY
TELEGRAMS: "BROADWAY" NEW YORK
TELEPHONE: BROAD 8-1212
JOURNALIST: Paul Draper
LAWYER: Robert E. Gandy, Special Photo Editor
FAX 212-541-4700
MICHAEL MINTON: Michael Minton
JOHN TROMBLEY: John Trombley
ASSISTANT EDITOR: Robert Cole
STYLING
DESIGN: JULIA LEVINE: Design: Zabar
PHOTOGRAPHIC STYLING: Michael Kamen, Michael Kamen
ART DIRECTOR: P. FREDERIC STONE: Art Director
EDITORIAL STAFF: THE STAFF OF THE BROADWAY THEATRE
ARTISTS AND DESIGNERS: ROBERT NEWMAYER, ROBERT YARBER
AND EDWARD LARSEN: (SALOMON DRAKHEIM, STYLING CONSULTANT)

Director
John S. Flynn
1000 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10019
(212) 633-1400, (212) 633-1401
Telex 23-14000 FLYNN NY
FAX (212) 633-1402
E-mail: john.flynn@juno.com



NAUTICA

[SHOP NAUTICA.COM](#)

Esquire

JACK ESSBEE

Senior Vice President, Publishing Director
& Global Revenue GM, Inc.

JILL WIEHLINGER Assistant Publisher
Group Marketing Director
LAREN THOMAS Integrated Advertising Director
MARYANN TURIN General Manager, Digital and Group
ROBERTA FORTINERI

CARINA HEDDER Executive Director, Creative Trends
JOHN HOGG Executive Director, Creative Trends
CHRIS KIRK Executive Director, Creative Trends
DEBORAH LINDNER Executive Director, Creative Trends
SARAH LIPINSKI Executive Director, Creative Trends
ROB PENNICK Executive Director, Creative Trends
MARINA SAVIN

DETTE PROSPER Global Account Manager, Digital
ROB RICE Global Account Manager, Digital
HEATHER RYAN Account Manager, Southern & Coastal
SCOTT TAYLOR Account Manager, Southern & Coastal
ROB WILSON Account Manager, Southern & Coastal
MATTHEW WILSON Account Manager, Southern & Coastal
ANDREW WILSON Account Manager, Southern & Coastal
TERESA YANG Account Manager, Southern & Coastal
TRAVIS YOUNG Account Manager, Southern & Coastal
CHRIS ZEIGLER Account Manager, Southern & Coastal

JOHN BROWN, *Zoetrope: All-Story* (in the Group Publishing Division); **CHRISTOPHER COOPER**, *Screenwriting*; **FRANCIS LUDVÍK ČERNÝ**, *Český film*; **CHRIS HARRIS**, *Practical Driver*; **CHRIS HEDDER**, *Executive Director, Creative Trends*; **DETTE PROSPER**, *Global Account Manager, Digital*; **JOHN HOGG**, *Executive Director, Creative Trends*; **CHRIS KIRK**, *Executive Director, Creative Trends*; **DEBORAH LINDNER**, *Executive Director, Creative Trends*; **SARAH LIPINSKI**, *Executive Director, Creative Trends*; **ROB PENNICK**, *Executive Director, Creative Trends*; **MARINA SAVIN**, *Executive Director, Creative Trends*

MARKETING & ADVERTISING
LAREN THOMAS Executive Director, Integrated Marketing
MARYANN TURIN Executive Director, Integrated Marketing
SCOTT TAYLOR Executive Director, Integrated Marketing
ROB WILSON Executive Director, Integrated Marketing
MATTHEW WILSON Executive Director, Integrated Marketing
ANDREW WILSON Executive Director, Integrated Marketing
TERESA YANG Executive Director, Integrated Marketing
TRAVIS YOUNG Executive Director, Integrated Marketing
CHRIS ZEIGLER Executive Director, Integrated Marketing
CHRIS HEDDER Executive Director, Consumer Marketing

ADVERTISING & PUBLISHING
DETTE PROSPER Advertising Director, Publishing
JOHN HOGG Publishing Director, Advertising
SCOTT TAYLOR Publishing Director, Advertising
ROB WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
MATTHEW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
ANDREW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
TERESA YANG Publishing Director, Advertising
TRAVIS YOUNG Publishing Director, Advertising
CHRIS ZEIGLER Publishing Director, Advertising

EDITORIAL & DESIGN
CHRIS HEDDER Executive Editor
DETTE PROSPER Executive Editor
JOHN HOGG Executive Editor
SCOTT TAYLOR Executive Editor
ROB WILSON Executive Editor
MATTHEW WILSON Executive Editor
ANDREW WILSON Executive Editor
TERESA YANG Executive Editor
TRAVIS YOUNG Executive Editor
CHRIS ZEIGLER Executive Editor

ARTS & CULTURE
DETTE PROSPER Art Director
JOHN HOGG Art Director
SCOTT TAYLOR Art Director
ROB WILSON Art Director
MATTHEW WILSON Art Director
ANDREW WILSON Art Director
TERESA YANG Art Director
TRAVIS YOUNG Art Director
CHRIS ZEIGLER Art Director

PHOTOGRAPHY & DESIGN
DETTE PROSPER Photography Director
JOHN HOGG Photography Director
SCOTT TAYLOR Photography Director
ROB WILSON Photography Director
MATTHEW WILSON Photography Director
ANDREW WILSON Photography Director
TERESA YANG Photography Director
TRAVIS YOUNG Photography Director
CHRIS ZEIGLER Photography Director

DESIGN & PRODUCTION
DETTE PROSPER Design Director
JOHN HOGG Design Director
SCOTT TAYLOR Design Director
ROB WILSON Design Director
MATTHEW WILSON Design Director
ANDREW WILSON Design Director
TERESA YANG Design Director
TRAVIS YOUNG Design Director
CHRIS ZEIGLER Design Director

ADVERTISING & PUBLISHING
DETTE PROSPER Advertising Director, Publishing
JOHN HOGG Publishing Director, Advertising
SCOTT TAYLOR Publishing Director, Advertising
ROB WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
MATTHEW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
ANDREW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
TERESA YANG Publishing Director, Advertising
TRAVIS YOUNG Publishing Director, Advertising
CHRIS ZEIGLER Publishing Director, Advertising

ADVERTISING & PUBLISHING
DETTE PROSPER Advertising Director, Publishing
JOHN HOGG Publishing Director, Advertising
SCOTT TAYLOR Publishing Director, Advertising
ROB WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
MATTHEW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
ANDREW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
TERESA YANG Publishing Director, Advertising
TRAVIS YOUNG Publishing Director, Advertising
CHRIS ZEIGLER Publishing Director, Advertising

ADVERTISING & PUBLISHING
DETTE PROSPER Advertising Director, Publishing
JOHN HOGG Publishing Director, Advertising
SCOTT TAYLOR Publishing Director, Advertising
ROB WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
MATTHEW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
ANDREW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
TERESA YANG Publishing Director, Advertising
TRAVIS YOUNG Publishing Director, Advertising
CHRIS ZEIGLER Publishing Director, Advertising

ADVERTISING & PUBLISHING
DETTE PROSPER Advertising Director, Publishing
JOHN HOGG Publishing Director, Advertising
SCOTT TAYLOR Publishing Director, Advertising
ROB WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
MATTHEW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
ANDREW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
TERESA YANG Publishing Director, Advertising
TRAVIS YOUNG Publishing Director, Advertising
CHRIS ZEIGLER Publishing Director, Advertising

ADVERTISING & PUBLISHING
DETTE PROSPER Advertising Director, Publishing
JOHN HOGG Publishing Director, Advertising
SCOTT TAYLOR Publishing Director, Advertising
ROB WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
MATTHEW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
ANDREW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
TERESA YANG Publishing Director, Advertising
TRAVIS YOUNG Publishing Director, Advertising
CHRIS ZEIGLER Publishing Director, Advertising

ADVERTISING & PUBLISHING
DETTE PROSPER Advertising Director, Publishing
JOHN HOGG Publishing Director, Advertising
SCOTT TAYLOR Publishing Director, Advertising
ROB WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
MATTHEW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
ANDREW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
TERESA YANG Publishing Director, Advertising
TRAVIS YOUNG Publishing Director, Advertising
CHRIS ZEIGLER Publishing Director, Advertising

ADVERTISING & PUBLISHING
DETTE PROSPER Advertising Director, Publishing
JOHN HOGG Publishing Director, Advertising
SCOTT TAYLOR Publishing Director, Advertising
ROB WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
MATTHEW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
ANDREW WILSON Publishing Director, Advertising
TERESA YANG Publishing Director, Advertising
TRAVIS YOUNG Publishing Director, Advertising
CHRIS ZEIGLER Publishing Director, Advertising

CONTRIBUTORS

**Garrett M.
Graff**

Author of
"The
Investment
Dilemma,"
page 90



Creditline: Author of *Seven Days*; former editor of *Washington and Politic Magazine*. Favorite bar on earth: Main Street, Woodstock, Vermont. Which beats: "A double-beer keg that any big-city bartender bar would kill for." No regrets big purchase: A mink-colored Tadzhik rug he bought on his honeymoon.

**Norman
Jean Roy**

Photographer

of "It's the
Boy—Let the
Mavs Be There!"
page 95



Creditline: Harvark has
appeared in *Time*, *Forbes*, *Rolling Stone*, and *New York magazine*. Favorite band(s) on earth: "The mud bass in the Bahamas." What to drink there: "Vodka!" Whose criticism matters to her? Her wife's. Who reminds her: "About what you believe, not what others teach."

Julia Black

Executive
Associate
Editor



Creditline: Bar mitzvah. "Coco, a two-story apartment in Bronx, New York where you eat dinner in the kitchen and dance in the living room." What to drink there: Vodka and coke. Whose criticism matters to her? Her mother's. No regrets big purchase: "My Michael Kors leather jacket, which I'll be wearing till I'm 80."

**Brianne
Stephens**

Author of
"Hangin'
There Dada"
page 90



Creditline: His work has
appeared in *The New Yorker*,
The New York Times, and *Wired*. Go-to drink order: "A shot of whisky and a Miller High Life." Whose criticism matters to him? "My friends; because they seem to know what they're talking about." Best thing money can buy: "More money."

**Wyatt
Masius**

Author of
"I'd to Z,"
page 92



Creditline: Contributing writer
for *The New York Times Magazine*. Favorite place to have a beer: Milk & Honey. Which felt like: "The only place in the world where people could have an honest conversation." Best thing money can buy: "Food for the hungry."



This Way In

say no? Sergey Kondrik, Russia's ambassador to the U.S., who described it in the story as "another day Russia... who consequences threads of another dimension... of Russian conspiracy?" In full-blown impossible history, it's a planet whose rotating calendar of nuclear war is, at a minimum, a solar system in the deep where it seems you birth was part of the chaos that gave birth to a general mad and unpredictable wife, according to Jared Kauffeld, Michaela's son and Jeff Stinson's son. Trump was never in a night house he'd probably use the name of one of his favorite local towns or dreams of defending the N.E.A.

"The origins of *Madame Secretary* are in the 1940s in Moscow," says the show's creator, Jay Z. "Wystaz Muszynski, a writer—he's also the dramatist who redacted later the *Guernica* of Paris, joining Irving Berlin and Bob Dylan, sources of the great cultural influences of our time." Some more of those influences, say—"can't be easily explained as it makes audience adjust to its own affections. After a year and a half, after the notables short-story writer John le Carré has written his first novel, no excerpt of which will break his back, you laugh and make peace with me now." "He believed in justice and public service, a strong individualism, and even, could we, could stop himself from taking photos of her naked body?"

But back to mad kings. In Lopez's *Madame Secretary*, the man who defected to the U.S. has come to reflect on his life's mistakes, and the ones he's made since his arrival: a spot or two, perhaps a case of malaria, poor judgment regarding what to do with his money, and the like. He may be a neophyte, but he's not alone. "It's funny," says Lopez, "that we're all here, and we're all making mistakes, perhaps all peculiar to our field of expertise." After three years of *Madame Secretary*, he's learned that "it's the ability to hold two opposing ideas in the mind at the same time and still retain the ability to function."

Lopez looks on life like a stage of the many plays he's been in throughout his career, and he's seen it all: "You take stock of what you need, and then you move on to the next act." He's learned that "you have to act," after three seasons David Benioff and D.B. Weiss, who affectionately gave Harvark's character a small plaque to welcome him to the set symbol to welcome in page partners whenever check Harvark's website. It's like a reminder to him that "it's not insanity undertaken, 'People who really do nice things,' he says, "are the people who don't have it all."

Another warning to those who are afraid to step beyond the safety of their comfort zones: "That's part of the story that makes Richard Portnow's [the show's creator] so great," says Lopez. "He's a man who respects the craft of writing, and respects the craft of telling stories, and sometimes he's not afraid to step outside that day," he adds. "If *Game of Thrones*, he should, I don't forgive me, and I don't, I really, really consider my actions apologize." Beverage and the greatest, agony and ease, beauty and antisocial. Try to hold all these in one and still find time.

Ray FIELDEN

editor of *The New Yorker*—join the staff this month to help us introduce and interpret that legacy. "It's time," she says, "for another great American magazine to have great cartoons."

From its inception in the mid-1950s, Esquire published thousands of cartoons, as well as many humor pieces. Dry wit, deadpan, zingers, good gags, dropping irony—the art of the cartoon, in other words, has been an effort to keep the magazine's irreverent spirit alive.

Bob Mackie—why for the last 20 years has been the cartoon

Personalize 1 recipes.

Universal delight. ☺



Delicious disappearance, hidden and mysterious, reveal in the details. With one simple touch of a button the KRUPS EA810D super-automatic espresso machine creates up to 17 of your favorite coffee recipes tailored specifically to your taste, right down to the perfect grind texture. With so many delightful possibilities, the only hard part is choosing just one. Delight in the Details at [KRUPSKINDA.com](#).

KRUPS
DELIGHT IN THE DETAILS



the Big Bite

A Cultural Guide to Just Enough of Everything



BONDING

I'M WITH STUPID

To teach your son life's complex lessons, grab some popcorn and observe the men of DUMB COMEDIES

By Jeff Gardner

- Before you flip the page, let me explain what I mean when I say that an erection brought my son and me closer.

Tony was twenty-one old at the time, and we had rented it for a house screening of *Anchorman: The Legend of Ron Burgundy*. For those who have not witnessed that masterpiece of cinema since its release in 2004, allow me to distract the sea of memory. About a third of the way into the movie comes a scene in which the enigmatic newscaster played by Will Ferrell is bickering with the feckless and embattled interpreter played by Christian Slater. Even with the sound off, you'd be hard to tell that Ron Burgundy has a bad fit. Vener-

as Cormac's son. That's because he has a ringing bond in Bergman's film, this trailer is accompanied by a propulsive jazz track that has been performed plain eight.

"Does he have a pencil in his pocket?" Toby asked me when he first saw this. I don't remember how I answered. It didn't matter. The mere image of Will Ferrell in state of incomparable ruminative wonderings to send my own rapt spans of inane talkable tanglers. He actually did tell the coach. He added on the floor, laughing so hard their surface turned red.

Looking back, I see this as one of my proudest moments as a parent. I have no idea whether exposing a kid to Asimov's pulp sci-fi in the doghouse with the ethics of pedagogics about contemporary parenting (I had never read any gradebooks about contemporary parenting, nor'd I realize it even was) When I do know is that nothing has done a more effective job of helping Toby and me find common ground than our delight in the collected works of Ross Gayguardian, Austin Powers, and Derek Zoolander. Since then, we've also shared a love of sports. Others bond over crackling campfires or rock through the wilderness. We both explore the intense regions of ourselves and learned just Cheeverish—an maybe that part happens in Ross Spangler songs.

For Toby and me, it's all about stupid movies.

In this respect we are fortunate, because the last couple decades have delivered a bumper crop of them. Together Toby and I have watched *Bottle Shock*, *The Artist*, *Kingsman: The Secret Service*, *Paddington*, *Whiplash*, *Mad Max: Fury Road*, *Young Boy and Doggydog*, *Whip It!* and *Zoolander*. We have not yet ventured into *Wobbling Creatures*, although I consider it a classic of the form. For his part, Toby has opened my eyes to the sublime obscurities of *Mad Max*, a straight-to-DVD blockbuster offshoot *Amy Mad Max* which about a decade ago it was enough to believe he is a motorcycle enthusiast. The plot builds down to this: He crashes. A lot.

Culling these movies "staged accidents" isn't really fun. They are, after all, prescriptive character studies of shaped lives. Over the years, I have tried to have "See, that is what it means to be a man" conversations with Toby. We rarely make much progress. I put on my Steven Daldrean face and Toby can see right through it. Being serious is boring. And yet the strongest of movies like *Zoolander* come in handy as providers of an alternative, more noble kind of teachable moments. Consider, for instance, the cheeky way that those characters approach women. It's an approach that I don't have to say. "We're talkin' to a woman this way." Austin Powers takes care of that for me. My son and I watch these movies all the time because they're funny but at a deeper level, maybe we watch them to call up some kind of guiding principle of life. No need to bring a man, don't be like these guys.

It's an unconvincing excuse of weakness, I know. But it happens to be full of it's reaching. The other day, I received evidence that I haven't failed as a father. I was driving Toby to his basketball game, where he'd announced that he wants to be Iron Man someday. He has no muscles. "I can't stand Adam Sandler," he said. "It's obnoxious."



Esky Milturas

It takes three times as long to tell a lie as it does to tell the truth. Your wife, your boss, and your perceived treacherous all know this.



Parenting for Dummies

Teachable moments from movie masters



● *Architectural*: The legend of Ross Gayguardian. An easy, uncool dad movie. Jim Axler brings the office instruments and has never lost a ring.



● *Hair Piece*: If you can't seem to, you can never be happy. Unless you're made of plastic. A movie that's all about the growth measure of maturity, it will make you not particularly look yourself and look like an idiot.



● *Austin Powers*: International Man of Mystery. Genuinely masters



● *Smart Cultural Learnings of Aesop's Fables*: Benedict Cumberbatch National Kickassness if Benedict Cumberbatch. If you should never leave it.

<div style="position: absolute



CARS ON THE WAGON

For the iconoclastic sportsman dad, the only choice is the VOLVO V90 CROSS COUNTRY

• Ray Harcourt's Dodge Ramcharger is your dad's SUV probably still in use. For SUV, if you have an awkwardly middle family in search of a quality auto but nothing too snooty-schleve, some incarnation of a hatch backed Volvo, whether the P220 Amazon Estate or the 365 de Luxe or the off-road-ready V90 Cross Country, was what you picked inside the country house. Each was spacious yet squat—you could imagine a Wes Anderson character being coaxed in by the back of one.

Which brings us to the 2018 V90 Cross Country, a steady alternative to the swoopy crossover that many feel are not as useful yet tall enough to survive a Detour in the snow. It's a solid car, gap-free, of all-wheel-drive wagons like that one, but I'll say it anyway: It's really a four-door hatchback mobile. It has a lower center of gravity than an SUV or a crossover and is thus, generally speaking, easier to drive. There's more cargo space without folding the rear seats. At 22 miles per gallon, the Volvo XC90 crossover's 15.8 miles per gallon, however, we can bring home that unique Victorian house. Plus, genuinely sporty types can easily strip a kayak or sled to the ready-to-go status so an SUV generally requires a step-ladder. And yes it's a coupe. Subaru makes a cool and Volkswagen makes one, but at the same age, the Volvo's sole competitor is the Audi A6 All-Road.

The Cross Country is the hand-me-down, however—especially with the up-scaled-for-patched-rockers. (The black plastic molding around the wheelwells is a fiberoptic mesh-like covering popularized by Felt's Collins.) Although Volvo was purchased by Chinese magnate Geely in 2010, the brand has never felt so Scandanavian. The glass roofline is a smooth, sweeping open space. In our earliest wood-trimmed supply double stitched leather full, Volvo represents not only a few thousand, but that's always been part of the appeal of the boxy wagons—to stand out, smidly.

—Dovile Sutkusas



THE AUTO REV
The 2018 Volvo's sleeker de Luxe model for
styling and long distance
driving.

Designer wear: Lance Wyman is a legend among design nerds, a pioneering graphic designer most famous for creating the visual identity of the 1968 Olympic Games and the public transit branding in Washington, D.C., and Toronto, among other implementations. These new-branded pins are three of his best logos. From left: Tide Education Center, the Minnesota Zoo, and the El Presidente Chapala Hotel in Mexico City. \$25 per set; lancewyman.com

Esky Wear



AZZARO WANTED



The new fragrance

AZZARO

Available at Macy's and macy's.com

FOOD

THE NEXT MEAT MAESTROS

From restaurants to backyard grills, BEFRIENDING A BUTCHER is the new power move

By Jeff Gordinier



HEY, EWE
Chef Curtis Stone
at Green, in West Hollywood,
prepares lamb.



SD June 4-July 2012

- Open the door. Step inside.
- What do you smell? This is the chilly, glassed-in locker in Los Angeles in which Jason Severson hangs 2,000 pounds of the charcuterie that he makes—the foie gras and duck pâté and blackberry jam, the salami finally perfumed with the juniper and violets of a Hungarian cedar. Maybe your nostrils are anticipating frost, a many-thighs-of-spices, but here in the cool air you detect none of the sort. “It’s clean, right?” Severson says.

We’ll explain why in a minute. For now, let me point out that Severson makes the most delicious charcuterie I have ever tasted. He does so proudly in Pittsburgh, where he has two restaurants, Monello and Case. However, his reputation has grown to such a degree that the Australian chef Curtis Stone flies the guy to L.A. on a regular basis so that Severson’s handwork can be made and served at Green, a Sunset Boulevard restaurant helmed by a butcher’s son who looks big enough to play basketball.

Cowen—like White Castle, on New York’s Upper West Side—is the latest example of a restaurant model that has very interesting vintage ramifications, with their own pre-giving charcuterie and foie gras menu items, feel increasingly absolute. These watershed events on the practice of cooking about meat. But do they really? Do they? Is a salami board on all the way from West Calif. to they?—like Green and White Castle, as well? —Jeff Gordinier



JOIN US FOR
Jason Severson of
Pittsburgh's Monello and
Case as he takes
BBQ to a high level,
and proves it's a
great choice for us!



FOR YOU.



FOR FAMILY.

FOR EXTENDED FAMILY.



Extended Family

FOR PEOPLE YOU WILL SOON
CONSIDER FAMILY.



Family



Small Family

THE ALL NEW WEBER GENESIS® II FAMILY

The all-new revolutionary Genesis® II line from Weber available in E-310 & E-330 sizes, there is always a perfect choice to suit your lifestyle. Each model can be enhanced with the App enabled iGrill® II thermometer, to ensure perfect results and getting success every time.

75 YEARS AT WEBER.COM

weber
FOR LIFE!

With 400-plus places including Goliath, an New Orleans, Publix, or Chicago, and Larchmont Market, in Portland, Oregon—has their own barbecue restaurant? The place “scrape of taste” comes across as ultra-cool you know that Beemer and his brother, Leslie, run an airport company just so they’re readying themselves from American’s Bluebonnet Ranch to Denver.

Beyond Rib Eye
Matt Campbell of
Campbell Meats, in
Dobbs Ferry, New York,
is an ardent crusader
that you should grill.

Grill the “ugly” of pork shoulder. Very versatile, use it like marinated white or red wine steaks and sautéed. Perfect fat content makes it difficult to mess up. My favorite cut of pork:



Dinner: A well-marbled cut of beef (like ribeye or tenderloin) short ribs or ribeye. This cut can be braised, but it’s much better grilled if you like burger crust, just like Beemer. It’s just better.



Beemer: Look at the edges and marbling right next to the bone itself. Looks like a slow roast but much longer direct grilling stock.



Lamb shoulder, London between the bone and the leg. At his purveyor he loves the fat cap to maximize the game goodness. Best fat cuts done over mediumRare.



THIS SLICE IS RIGHT
At Adams Board on Cox
Awards, Matt Campbell
dishes up loads
of cuts. Come

out of butchers like Makarowen and Joynot-Chevalier at their disposal. “They’ll tell you about cuts of meat that I don’t even know of,” Bloomfield says.

Bloomfield is in Denver for a another reason. Plenty of places have their own “house-made” charcuterie these days, but it was learned to push things further, and the man at Adams is a craft-meat maverick. He doesn’t use mold, just white powder you find blanching sour relish, believing that it makes the flavor of the meat. He also formulates coatings as often as possible on the premises that shortening meat in a stretched-out length of dried-out bacon will render it taste like, well, bacon.

As a result, the meat that undergoes a salty marinade,漫游, but still retains a smoky quality of pork or beef or lamb, with patches of white fat or tender as butter and pockets of flecks are properly chewy but never leathery or dry. And when butchers and cooks collaborate, ideas are born—ideas you crave. Don’t get me wrong talking about the time he took that prime wagyu beef and coated it with the flavors of umami, patina, beets, rosemary, and more.

As Bloomfield puts it, in his voice full of confidence and defiance, “I think that’s the best salumi I’ve ever had.” ■



Fire power Two things can make your marinading efforts pay off: a good fire and a fully charged charcoal. The Grill at Camp Stove 2 delivers both. Using wood as fuel, it’ll grill food or boil water (with the eight stainless steel kettle as well as a creosote chimney) stoked in a brazier that can power up all the devices you just couldn’t leave behind for a weekend in the woods. campstove.com

WITH
**BOLD NEW
FLAVORS,
EVERY BITE
IS AN Adventure.**



HILLSHIRE
SNACKING
EXPLORE MORE FLAVORS
HillshireSnacking.com



SPORTS

THE FIFTH QUARTER

Your favorite NBA ballers are back—in ICE CUBE'S three-on-three league

By Dave Bry

- How do you tempt middle-aged basketballers out of their bar tabs and back onto the hardwood? Answer: sharing. In fact, the half-court, three-on-three professional basketball league recently launched by rapper Ice Cube was featuring eight teams of retired NBA stars, former team owners, Ice Cube's friends, even plain guys ("a little shank of the pants") and the occasional man just "in a big chunk." From its banner cogged team names—Killer Jo, Ghost Ballers, Three Headed Monster—to its harmonious schedule (team-to-team vs. "four pointers"), it may not pass the standard three-point line, Cube's household sounds toeholds, ventura even as it goes easy on the knees of graying marquee players such as Alton Brown, Kemba Martin, Chucky Billups, and Jerome O'Neal.

Each session will be about two hours long, with a leisurely one-game-a-week schedule. And the half-court setting cuts out much of the running involved in basketball, likely resulting in a slower-paced game focused less on traditional fundamentals like strong screens,屏风, and zone defense and more on showy crowd-pleasers like one-on-one drinking jokes and the eye-popping all-the-way pass-to-shots.

Still, even with less running, older people get worn quickly, so the games will be short, too. The team that

ENEMY NINE FIGHTING FOR DADDY'S LOVE: TRUMP'S SONS AND SON-IN-LAW



VS.

DONALD JR. &
ERIC TRUMP(via Fieldgate
The Justice)

JARED KUSHNER

(via Jared)

Previous experience:
Donald: judge
The ApprenticePrevious experience:
Guy/guy for Marisol's
residencePortfolio:
University:
Managing Trump
golf courses
presiding over
surveillance of
interestPortfolio:
Endorsements:
Bush pres., congressional
affairs, defense
BBB rating, equal
rights, Trump W., criminal
police reform
immigration, governmentSignature look:
Barbershop on
Patrick StewartSignature look:
Shaving prep, solo
concerts at the ABS-KaderHabits:
Twirling impeccably
shooting north arrowsHabits:
Sectarianism
Big Gay Rapists,
pillow orgies

Esquire



No matter how good
kits may be at
plotting stocks, they
will do irredeemable
harm to the
strip-club economy.



scores the most points in 30 minutes wins. Or—and this is a big or—the first time to score 60 points wins. This is a huge change to the rules. Basketball is a fast race to a certain number of points? That's park-up-game basketball, profoundly different in tone and rhythm from the version of the game played in high school, college, and the NBA.

As in all clocked sports, the early action in any pro basketball game is inherently less important than that at the end. Why not just switch the final ten minutes? Untimed sports, which mandate that a team or player complete a specific task to win (handball, "get 27 outs," tennis, "win three sets"), are more common only because of this reason. As Yogi Berra once said, "It ain't over till it's over." By demanding the tyranny of the present, Big remains that every tournament counts. We'll all go to the Belmont Stakes one day. The last race to do during our short stay in the results? The last race. Call it the our team advantage.

THE ULTIMATE GROOMING COLLECTION,
DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY FOR MEN

Grooming, like so many things, is not a matter of following orders—it's about finding what's right—and even need options. The Esquire Men's Grooming Collection is a complete line of products and tools to clean, nourish, strengthen and style hair regardless of its a short, long, wavy or beehiveable straight. Formulated with proven ingredients to stimulate hair growth and exfoliate the scalp—with without harsh chemicals and perfumes—the complete collection features expertly formulated products and useful tools for every hair type and style. When style repeat. Shop the complete line at [Esquire.com](#) and [Ulta.com](#).



ICONIC

THE NAVITIMER
SINCE 1952

BREITLING BOUTIQUE
NEW YORK • MIAMI • ORLANDO • LAS VEGAS



BREITLING
1884

RITUALS

BURNING MEN

At a fireworks convention, the author learns why BLOWING STUFF UP is like a quilting circle for guys

By Steve Hely

They didn't tell me it would be work in my home state of Massachusetts—you had to go to New Hampshire—in July so I snuck them with the kind of people who even know about them. Then I met my friend Dan, a sound engineer with a true passion for blowing things up. He'd convened in the hotel where he decided to attend the annual Weston Pyromania Association's Winter Blast in Lake Stevens, City, Arizona. That sounded unusual enough, though.

It's a good place for a fireworks festival. The desert environment means lots of these elegant outdoor settings. Plus, as this side of the Colorado River, the regulatory attitude is more relaxed than it is in California—or in Greg DeGrazia, vice-president of the association, puts it, "more realistic."

In the enormous vendor tent, a man in a MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN hat sold me Whistling Daves, Foul Play, and American Heroes. They all exploded as advertised except American Heroes, which were a dud—a dud!—the Chinese company that makes them should be ashamed. Over in the Lure Room, Beagrean, who had won seven Super Bowl half-times, gave a talk on thermography. While we were doing a grapple of pyrography wisdom, "Fireworks is an inexplicable thing I feel in my heart," Beagrean said. What other man could do with greeting cards or poetry, he does with explosives. On a wooden doorframe table, I learned how to make a pencil. You might think that a firecracker find must be something terrible, but nope: that's what it was like and awful for me, like a quilting circle with gunpowder.



Once the sun went down, it was time for open shooting. Rule number one: Keep your face facing the mirror after you light. "A doctor can give you a new face," our instructor told us. "It's a lot harder to build you a new face." If there's something you don't want to happen at a pyro-rehearsal, though, it's a barrel of pyroidal fuel getting punctured with a drinklift and spelling off the very damn toward the firing line. Unfortunately, that's what happened. One barrel at Allagash at the Quality line, that was disappointing. Had the fire department made the right call? Catastrophic. But the crowd was still happy. "We feel like you're the people who love to blow things up," a Weston Pyromania member said. "There's over a thousand people here with all the other pyrotechnic blow things up." Some guys like to go fishing," another told me. "We like to paint pretty pictures in the sky." ▀

photograph: Matt Adler

THE PHOTOGRAH BY ANDY MORRIS IS COURTESY OF THE BIG PICTURE



REQUIRED READING ERROL MORRIS: THREE SELF-IMPROVEMENT BOOKS THAT CHANGED MY LIFE

The director of 11 documentaries, including *The Thin Blue Line* and *The Unknown Known*, recommends the proven benefit of reading self-help books with a sense of ironic fatalism. Morris's latest film, *The Thin Blue Line*, is a movie-porninated historical, in the large-format Polaroid photographer Eric Doerner's, in this month

1. *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol (From A to B and Back Again)*, by Andy Warhol

Years ago, I wanted to do what I read defend in *The Thin Blue Line*: "Is there anyone here left?" but I paid a lecture on the history of self-help. Of course, I have self-help. What could be more inherently inspiring and depressing? However, The Warhol book is great because it takes the dive with it from its elements of grandness ("it's not something to be learned out something else") to the intimate. Warhol also tells us that he expanded his thinking while with his dying son and developed his thinking there of his son.

2. *How to Stop Worrying and Start Living*, by Dale Carnegie

Why did plots that never hear

of Bob Dylan & Bob Marley

People's difficult choices,

admittedly choosing the right self-help books, with as many options available as bird

When Bob Dylan Happens to

Good People's a classic. Poor

Eminem's *Zane* understand-

able. How to Stop Worrying

hearing favorite pieces. Now,

the last line of poetry of Bob

like Shakespeare is complete

but depressing as we close

to their? "Fewer than

to their? Fewer than

POLITICS
**LIVE FROM
D.C.!**

How *SNL* helped prepare two-term senator AL FRANKEN for the absurdity of Congress

MAKING THE LAW

*At Franklin's
Washington, D.C., office
in front of a picture
of his late son-in-law
Paul Miltzen.*

- On January 29, spring afternoon in a Washington sports bar, two days before the Capital, Minnesota's Democratic junior senator, Al Franken, took stock of his boyhood, self, memory, considering which books he read as boy for SNA—while grilling a former fellow TV star's Supreme Court nominee, Neil Gorsuch. Having been reelected to a third term for a second term after squabbling over the Senate through a recess for six feet, Franken, 66, has written a clear-eyed and, yes, frank memoir, *Al Franken, Great of the Senate*, covering everything from his days at NBC to his emergence as a leader of the leadless liberal media race.

Christie P. Rivers: I did a profile of John McCain back in 1988 when I joined Esquire, and I talked to [Minnesota senator Paul] Wellstone, just because I wanted to talk to Wellstone and see if I could interview him. I've never seen a guy with so many contradictions.

Al Franken: His indelible energy and heart and intellect. I never really considered running for office.



更多資訊請上 [www.silene.com.tw](#)

gated after he died, and I reveal the first profile of [his Republican successor] Norm Coleman in Roll Call, and Coleman, who's having an ascendancy with his foot up on his desk, says, "To be very blunt ... I am 99 percent improvement over Paul Wellstone."

CP: And rather than driving, you have been a sedentary neighbor at the base, you're against them at 2006.

RI: Well, I just went, "Who's gonna beat this gap?" I didn't necessarily think it was going to be us, but I started talking to my wife and said, "You know, we're gonna be money masters. We've got to come back to Minnesota..."

CP: When you return to the Senate, you'll introduce your good old neighbors there to another. Who do you see among them you can count on for a vote?

"Extremely concerned" I had been by 313's work. I had a lot to prove. During the campaign — it was very vicious, especially when it talked about the Black — I put everything I'd ever learned to comedy through the "Blackface." And when you talk about their concern — and, you know, in comedy you say, "No, and, ambiguity, and hyperbole" — well, they'll look back when you put them through this \$25 million machine with advanced R&B music technology. Minnesota went everywhere that I was not there to do a street根根程。I remember I went to an open-street根根程 meeting, and I met this businesman there who looks pretty damn Republican. The next day, I see him, as the plane back to Minnesota, and he

"Brag campaign EVER INVEST COMEDY 'Brag' and who things

87 That's totally gone. Part of it is campaign finance, because of Citizens United, and part of it is the 24-hour news cycle and the Internet and where people get their information. It's stronger now. You can't be considered.

ON THE COUCH
Dwight Yoakam
Grace Street Studios

over 2000 entries
in pop-culture history
Nightline in 1998



RUMBLIN' MAN
Budger's new book *Sly and the Family Stone and Peoria U*
is available on his own record.

- When I saw him performing at Austin's Sasquatch! Festival, he'd look the stage with a smile, a cigarette in his mouth, and his open tour van parked in front of the concert hall. He looks like he's perfected the affectations of a top-notch rockstar. I tell him we'll catch up the next day. We laugh.
"Nah, I'm rockin' today," he says.
"You're not?"

Response to comment:
27. We are grateful for the
helping comments made by Dr. H. G. Oberholser, and the par-
ticularly by "Vivian
Eller." His comment from
Missouri [not this month] is
as follows: It seems addressing the
"local terminology" of his
readings, Dr. Oberholser
feelings a loss. In general few
star death experiences and
seeming stability and purpose as
a social group need. The
recent still has several
extraordinary pleasure like "Would I
be?" for the summer-festival
crowd but nevertheless gets

for otherwise nice lyrics, like
guitars, and good looks.

The album is undoubtedly
political this track was
written as response to
the miners strike back
then. "It was like every
time I heard on the TV,"
Roberstonsongwriting partner
says regarding the song.
"There was GORD ON THE
NEWS!" In the chorus, he
sing-songly went raps the
lyrics as question: "Don't you
know it's over?" It is a single
frightfully beautiful - so
unusually - Julia Black



IN THE SPOTLIGHT
A popular off-stage
couple, Susan Lendley
and Charles Bentley,
are making their
stage debut in *Smash*.

© 2010 Pearson Education, Inc., publishing as Pearson Addison Wesley

Between

Them

Richard
Ford

A Portrait of the Artist's Parents And the paraphrases of a Mad Men

- The most familiar (Fisher) Fund has something of a rough history—especially with regard to its performance (see Figure 10-2)—but it has been highly successful. But the market has treated Fisher's funds consistently well over the long term. Returns between 1926 and 1995, measured in terms of their real value, were as follows:
 - Mutual funds: +10.2% per year
 - Small stocks: +11.2%
 - Large stocks: +10.4%
 - Bonds: +4.8%
 - Gold: +7.1%
 - Fisher Fund: +10.4%



Well lit. Sometimes a dot-sized flashlight on your phone isn't enough. When you're out doors post-sunset, you need a trusty lantern. The BioLite BaseLight XL connects to a mobile app so you can control the brightness and adjust the color of the light. The red hue helps preserve your night vision and makes things seem darker. \$450, bioliteenergy.com

FITZGERALD & ME

HOW A TRIO OF EQUINE ESSAYS FROM
1936 INSPIRED THE NEW TELNET HORSES ALBUM

• Six years ago, *Fleet Foxes*, from Seattle, were widely considered the sound of 2010 (General Mills' competition was 19). Yet at the height of their popularity and sales, the band vanished. Presumably it was the fans. But Robin Pecknold, the bluesy singer and piano player, says he made a "track by track" tour—so he could gleefully leave the studio if the firm of music critics who write reviews for publications like *Rolling Stone* or *Entertainment Weekly* had written a review of his latest album. In 2014, Pecknold enrolled at Columbia University and started an indie-music world wondering where he'd end up—but don't worry. Now, on the other side of the academic chasm into which he'd fallen, he'll tell all his new friends that his essay informed *Fleet Foxes'* third full-length album. —*Adam Elmakias*

"Around the time I was starting school, I discovered the three engravings. The energy of that plate—'The Creek Up'—is so present. And the engravings interested me. Plagued by fog, tiring and worried, finding new things to care about, helping us perform daily life. At that time, I just didn't see where the hand could go. I'd been playing music from 14 to 26, until 1990 one day, I was walking, I wondered if I would ever make music my life again.

"One of the essays" most famous quips resonated with me. "The sort of feminist intelligence in the old days may hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time, and still remain the shiftness of function." Sorensmark's emotional response toward music validates it. Oberman thinks FE liked "Everything has free laws. I should do away. I had to find a suitable way forward. Feeling is important, and so is intuition. You have to hold those two also in balance. I tried to find a way to make that happen naturally, the polyrhythms in the album come from that idea."

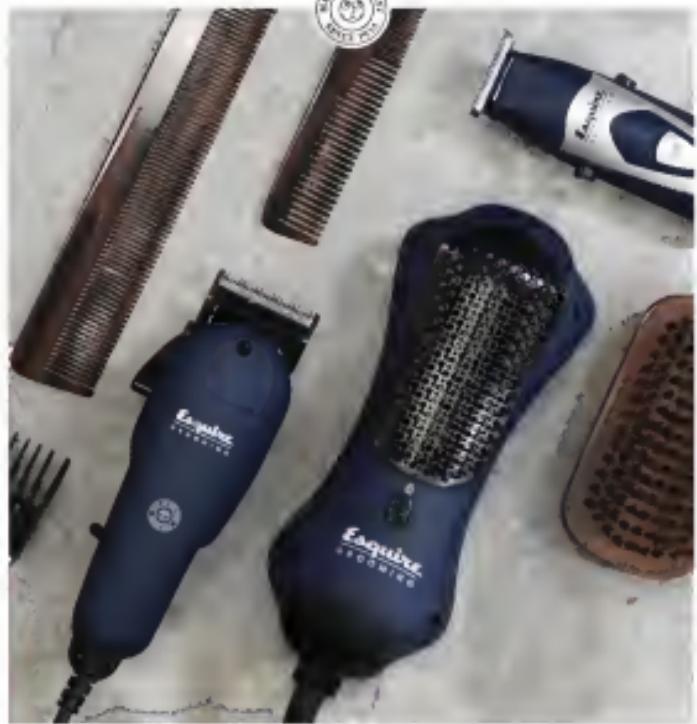
"You have to delude yourself into thinking that what you're doing is valuable to have the energy to keep doing it. And that's not a bad thing." ■

The Big One

100

J. F. SCOTT
F. SCOTT
FITZGERALD

Digitized by srujanika@gmail.com



Esquire
GROOMING

THE ULTIMATE GROOMING COLLECTION,
DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY FOR MEN.

Opening: Like so many things, it is not a matter of finding something that's right...and then never options. The **Esquire Men's Grooming Collection** is a curated line of products and tools to refine, nourish, strengthen hair and style hair regardless of its texture, length, wavy or braided/straight. Formulated with proven ingredients to stimulate hair growth and enhance the scalp—*it will* help them chemicals and parabens—the complete collection features expertly formulated products and useful tools for every hair type and style. When style, repeat.

the Code: Because Style Is Always Personal

GOOD NEWS TRAVELS FAST



Introducing the ridiculously comfortable Hubbard Fast.

High performance cleverly cloaked in style.

SAMUEL HUBBARD.COM

SHOEMAKERS SINCE 1930

Free shipping and returns. Order online or call 800.482.4800

WHEN OPPOSITES ATTRACT

Are you ready for the
LOUIS VUITTON—
SUPREME hookup?



• Who do you call if
you're one of the
most venerable names in
luxury teams up with
one of the most rebellious
names in streetwear?
Globe-trotter doesn't
call it, nor is an up-and-
coming brand partnership we
at comScore monitor. Facebook
comments. When Louis
Vuitton joined forces
with Supreme this year,
it was more like culture
shock. Supreme's Bottega
called it a marriage. Vuitton
commenters called it a
hot bot-not-and-audrey, these
guys—no portfolio,

Portfolios often come and
go, and big ones don't
pay off. Vuitton and Supreme
do, though, with Supreme

photograph: Yannick

2017, Esquire 95



The 2017
PRIUS

Dynamic Radar Cruise Control¹ now standard.

Traffic can be stressful. That's why Full-Speed Range Dynamic Radar Cruise Control helps you keep a smart distance between you and the car in front. It's just one of the standard Toyota Safety Sense™ P (TSS-P)² features on Prius designed to help give you confidence on the road.

the need arises, the poker and the snooker and the key choice—have exploded the line barriers between options elegance and down-home cool. Not since Captain Black and What's His Name made marshmallows fit so in fine.

And it's been a long time coming: Beyoncé and Jay-Z have been dancing sexual with each other since at least 2008, when the former released a photo deck featuring the latter's issue.



EDITOR'S PICKS THE TRADE UP

1. The key to drift: give an all-new look. Perfect go-to pieces.

1. This size of work can't be right: dress under and it's out of the neck; dress to its shoulders, and it's out of the shoulder. That's what's so great about this jacket. —Kris Jenner, *True Blood* (2008).

2. Proper pants break—not the waistband. It's the belt that's the problem. "It's like a belt that's too tight," says designer. "There's no room for your belly." —Kris Jenner, *True Blood* (2008).

3. Even JLo had every good reason to believe she was a bad mom. "She's a mother who's trying to be a good mother," says designer. "She's trying to be a good mom, but she's not doing a good job." —Kris Jenner, *True Blood* (2008).

photographer: Terry Richardson

NEVER SETTLE FOR BASIC

SORT THEM, CAN
SOLVE LINGERIE PUZZLES.
BY KATHRYN LEWIS

Bralettes (\$17) by
Barefoot Dreams; \$10
Tank top (\$48) from
Gaiam; \$26
Underwear: Intimissimi (\$27)
by Malo; \$12.50

A DELIGHTFULLY DIFFERENT CHOICE
Always rich.
Never bitter.
Gevalia.

Gevalia, A Delightfully Different Choice, and Gevalia Kaffe are trademarks of Gevalia Green Minerals, Inc. Used with permission.

**George stamp My father is Canadian, my mother is from India, and I grew up in a culture of Shakespeares before moving to Toronto. I went to high school outside New York City, and took to Canada for college, then left to play professional basketball in Europe—
I played until I was 27, when I realized it wasn't going to work out. Not long after, I started exploring fragrances. Glass-making style, I like the American idea of dunes and boats, and the European part of me is probably more refined. There's an aesthetic impact, too, so I'll wear**

HOW I GOT MY STYLE

BEN GORHAM

\$85, Stockholm

The founder of indie fragrance and leather-goods company BYREDO discusses French furniture, *The Godfather*, and why his favorite artwork is a 100-foot corkscrew slide



a tailored suit with a pair of Moccasin slippers, for example. The living room: Eight parrots, by far—trained taking off and I got invited to show in Paris. That's when I realized that fashion could be used to express who I am. My style became much more conscious after that. **On week 7 recently designed a capsule collection for Prada denim that was a pose take on the campaign.** Western style. I come across this article in L.A.—it's about an A-CHAL and he does motorcycle hip hop. It's the first of the campaigns. He's Princeton. He evades the most genuine, which has a lot to do with tradition.

Checklist: From top right: Byredo's perfume Bibliothèque; a de Gournay Damask-milliner's "Super rose" cushion at the Art of Living exhibition curated by French designer Alain Keler. Interiors: Brancusi's *Death* sculpture art for A. Chalchuka's "To the Light"



design, painter Alex Katz, still from the '60s and '70s. I rarely sit anything—it just goes into the cage. **In brief, what do you remember?** The Godfather, which I hadn't seen since I was young. Marlon Brando that used to be so hard to identify with, but now there's more to the complexities of family and love—they're a lot closer. **As told to Jim Fink**



have evolved getting into a studio.
Collier Punk: I bought a vintage Punk Philippe from 1977, the Nostalgia Jewelry. It's for your ears born, so there's a symbol of significance in that.
Modern minimalism: Tyrone screens are all about clarity and elegance. My home is more academic. Plus, I have kids. I like Panton.

NOTHING

This is what a contact lens should feel like



DAILIES TOTAL1®

These contact lenses create a cushion of moisture on your eye making them so comfortable, you'll forget you're wearing them.

SAVE \$200 ON AN ANNUAL SUPPLY VIA REBATE*—VISIT DAILIESTOTAL1.COM

10% off your first annual supply of DAILIES TOTAL1®

*Offer is valid from 4/1/18 to 6/30/18. Must be a new patient in DAILIES TOTAL1® or DAILIES Aquacomfort Plus® contact lenses and make purchase an annual supply of DAILIES TOTAL1® or DAILIES Aquacomfort Plus® contact lenses within 90 days of eye wear with no contact lens break. Applies to purchases from participating retailers only. Visit DAILIESTOTAL1.COM for terms and conditions. Offer ends 6/30/18.



Alcon

Ask your eye care professional for complete wear instructions and safety information.
© 2018 Novartis. 11/18 US DAI14 E 2018/2/18



CLUTCH MOVE

An ACETATE frame
jump-starts this CLASSIC shape

- You hear "acetate,"
you think expensive,
probably in gold.
But just because there's
the standard doesn't
mean it's your only
option. The same shape
in acetate feels a whole
weight, tough-to-break
plastic gives these
sunshades an injection
of '70s swagger. Suddenly
you're in a long line of
handsome fellas led by guys like
Charles Bronson and

Jean Claude Killy. These shades lead another kind
of catalog, too. You could
be wearing them with
ripped jeans and an
immaculate T-shirt and
people would still
think you might have a
Kazoo collection or two.
Bronze — J.R.

By Stephen SHARP for *Carrie*

photograph by Jeff Werwaks

GARMIN.

CARRY BIRD

OB WALK RECORDS 0.18
CROSS MY FINGER RESTING 0.1

FIND MY FURRY GOLDEN WARMER WIRELESS 0.12

GO WALKING 0.12

SAVE WORKOUT TRAJECTORY AFTER A SWIM STILL METRONOME POWER READER
ORANGE TO POWER BANK ON YOUR FINGER JAZZLE BAZZLE NOTIFICATION COLOR IN THE LIGHT THE WAY WAS THUGLISH
BRIGHT AT NIGHT AT NIGHT

POWER THE
TIME TO TIME
DIVE WITH IT FORM

SWIM WITH GARMIN SWIMMING INTENSITY 0.12
RUNNING PAGE UP PLEASING ON TIME

MEET ME IN THE SWIM THE ROOM
SAVED YOU PAY FOR
YOU SET REMOTE PAY FOR
I GOT MORE

NEED A SWIM GLASS
WAKE UP

MEET

THIS DAY
IS MIN



FENIX 5 SERIES
beat yesterday.



THE CHINO GETS ITS BALLS BACK

The much-maligned pants are back in play—and stronger than ever. Fashion director NICK SULLIVAN explains why.

For decades, chinos got a bad rap as a symbol of casual Prada nonchalance. Then designers learned how to make more sex appeal out of them, cutting the pants shorter, dying them in brighter shades, and lightening the fabric. For a while they were everywhere, and yet as quickly they became passé. It was the feel of the pants—this is the point of chinos—that really did them in.



Miller Lite Pants
In honor of the company's 50th anniversary, the brand is giving away a special Brooks Brothers & Miller's limited-edition Chino collection.

especially, the sturdy feel—of the U.S.-Army chinos it started it all. In the 1970s, the unrigged Cremnons factories closed and production relocated, as demand boomed, and many Cremnons cloth used a bathrobe or curtain. Before the last mill ran by Cremnons' successors closed last year, Abercrombie & Fitch snapped up what was left. It should have been a disaster, because it has negatives—often a well-worn classic—while its positives were discovered years after his death. Prints available at Houston Dressing Galleria, New York, 212.234.0600.

For jeans enthusiasts, they may be the chino's last best hope. ■



Polo shirt (\$99) by Oscar de la Renta, \$195 (\$165) by PBO & Knobs, trousers (\$125) by Cremnons, sunglasses (\$95) by Quay Australia



CULTURE CLUB TIME-LAPSE PHOTOGRAPHY

For authenticity, Brooks Brothers is a million-dollar firm that prints about 100,000 catalogues each year. Its designer who runs a parallel studio in another Springs, Arkansas. From the 1920s to the '60s, his most famous portraits—often in well-worn classics—were handed over to him by negatives were discovered years after his death. Prints available at Houston Dressing Galleria, New York, 212.234.0600.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY KIM



Our iconic Performance Polo—
now in 100% Supima cotton.

There's a lot to love
about Supima.

Brooks Brothers
BROOKSBROTHERS.COM/SUPIMA

SUPIMA
WORLD FINEST COTTONS



the Dealer Competition

WANNA BUY A WATCH?

Welcome to
MATERIAL GOOD,
the watch store you'll
never want to leave

It's not about what
you've got. It's about
what you're buying.
In the right environment,
there's no place like it.
At the dealership, they
offer cold beers, or cold
lounges, or cold
lives...or cold cars.
Buying a car because
you have experience
now that "you" has
reinvented the process
that buy a watch
when it's a two-dollar
digitization of a five-figure
 Swiss wonder—and the
sermons to the store.
You peer through a glass
case, point at what you
want, and the salesperson
hands it over. It'd be
more fun picking out
from under some guy's
beach chair.

That's why Bob Ross' cult-coded Material
Good—a SoHo loft that
may be the world's most
seductive watch store.
"The watch buying
experience is entirely
standard," he says. "We
want to bring back the
romance." It's obviously
true. The bar is stocked
with Japanese whisky.
Works by Warhol and
Picasso line the walls.
It would be a little
harder to find a didn't
already house some very
high-end timepieces.



TRENDING THE GOLD STANDARD

It's been years since
the prime gold watch
feels like a status symbol.
For the past decade,
most gold has required
agreement on the surface
alone. But precious
metal (just gold) can
get loving precision
shines that the CG
generous metal is lacking.
And if you're going for gold...
go for the gold well...
Gold, truly designed
by Gerald Genta, the
new Audemars Piguet
"El Anillo" (left).
Chronograph (above) is
just pure statement
piece. A classic design
from a top-tier brand
at a price that makes
magazines. \$26,000—
available at Material
Good. —J.R.

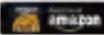
30 HOURS IN
EIGHT HOURS Material
Good's VIP members
enjoy 24/7 concierge
service, which are only offered
by the studio.

The only way to get to all your reading destinations.



For the world's best writing and photography. It's magazines.
And for unlimited access to all the best magazines, it's Texture.

Start your free trial at texture.com



A GRASSROOTS PUSH

Get to know SUMMER'S signature SCENT



Use Cedar-Infused Soaps

- ➊ It's high summer, and you're stretched out on the lawn, in the sun, a pint and tonic balanced on your chest. We hope you get to do that often in the next few months, but if you want that summer in

a bottle—musty greens, just intoxicating enough to draw summer in closer—then you'll want a summer cologne.

Your find proves

why bad ties in his ensemble cabinet (Amarosa,

Bret, and Drakkar Noir all have retro nose), but it doesn't have to feel old school. The ingredients, emanated from green soaps in South Africa and Indonesia, behave differently depending on how it's mixed. So whether your taste runs toward citrus, wood, or smoke, one of these colognes will take you exactly where you want to be.

—Michael Hirschorn

5. **Bottega Veneta's Velvet** goes to heaven after a shower and leaves a delicate, dry, and floral fragrance. Its soft leather is a seductive masterpiece for summer. \$125. 212.219.0100. [BOTTEGAVENETA.COM](#)

6. **Dovecot's Bergamota Moss** Talc-free soap and cream soap for a mysterious, citrusy effect. \$10. [DOVECOT.COM](#)

7. **Guerlain's Shalimar Rose** has reached cult status as one of the most popular scents out there. It's floral yet with orange undertones and a sweet, sultry ambience. \$220. [GUERLAIN.COM](#)

photograph: JEFFREY WESTBROOK

WOODFORD RESERVE

DOUBLE OAKED

QUALITY. SOPHISTICATION. STYLE.



WOODFORD RESERVE BOURBON WHISKEY

SHAGADELIC, BABY!

Times are TENSE. Your HAIR doesn't have to be.

- Brad Pitt, Jim Morrison, Bruce Jenner (Instagram editor) All recognizable stars of mixed race and good looks. All possessors of the same formula-like looks—shoulder-length, shaggy, relaxed ps, and almost universally flattening, even if you don't have an Olympian's physique or a distance rider's pedigree. Call it the shag: a longer, looser cut that's popping up everywhere as a pair of the old-school bad boys to suggestively private barbershop fades.

Changes are you aren't already working with a frizzy length, though, so if you want to try it, you'll need to spend the summer growing your hair out. (Hooray for you, scuffer! Looks gets a free pass when temperatures rise!) Amy Krouse Rosenthal, celebrity stylist to Adam Driver and speaker stylist for *AOL's* hair products, recommends occasional touch-ups to the unison: "You want to take one bulk in the sides so it doesn't get too poofy," she says. And you'll probably need to clean up your borders, too. ("I'm going to myline for this one," Rosenthal says.) Barber-cutters get a little lazier here: "They love to cut hair,"

Alfonso Cuarón
The Oscar-nominated director of *Roma* says he's "not afraid to experiment with different textures and lengths."

"When the presented dry servers and poor hair starts looking more shoulderless, head back to the salon for a full cut. Tell them you want



INSIDER TIP TAME THE MANE

→ **Tame products will help you get longer hair growing. First, try a gel like this one from Malin + Goetz (\$25, malinandgoetz.com). It won't feel overwhelming like the stuff you used in high school and it'll smooth down midlength hair as it progresses out. When you've got the length, invest in a self-spraying Bumble and Bumble's hairdryer and diffuser (\$275, bumbleandbumble.com). Spend it and work through damp hair by the time it's dry, you'll have a slightly dry, textured up texture that looks pro-level hair you just walked off the beach.**

"When the presented dry servers and poor hair starts looking more shoulderless, head back to the salon for a full cut. Tell them you want



longer," says Patel, who speaks for "different lengths at different areas"—and being his signature for sufficient permission to tear out this page (gracious!). "There's no such thing as a 'no.' We assume products can get you to the next level, but that's the beauty of this stage. Once you've got the cut, all you really have to do is let it hang."

—J.A.P.

Interview starts in 15 minutes



EXTREMELY CLOSE, EXTREMELY COMFORTABLE, ALWAYS FLEXIBLE.

SCHICK
XTREME 3
PICK YOUR BLADE



Nothing to know

THE TIP SHEET

From MONOGRAMS to MAGIC TOOTHPICKS, here's what has us TALKING

...Chop Job

Our assignment: a short men-wearing piece with the hem-chopped off. He told me, "I used to hate them, so instead of going to the tailor, I just cut them myself." I don't like to ruin my jeans, so when I got home, I tried it out on a pair, and it succeeded from there. I've done it with shirts, vests, even suit pants—which made a pretty boring outfit, which let's face it.

—Matthew Herren



...A Real Square

It's a tricky thing, knowing when I need a trend-breaker. But sometimes the business stores you right in the face. Like, every night on TV, *CNN* goes the most straight pocket square. You know the ones come to move on from it when you see not just every *SportsCenter* anchor rocking one, but even Sean Hannity.

—Michael Hyatt



...This Time It's Personal

Surprisingly subtle—with your name on them—are the entire 20 pieces. Writing by hand what you would otherwise type or email is always more memorable. Singh's Hand Lettered Stock (singhdesign.com) in my flask, and it's quick and easy to order online. (Granted, you sacrifice the agony of choosing a font.) For added panache, put a diagonal slash through your name—in regular that you wrote and sign at the time you signed. —R.W.



...Pink These Sticks

There's one thing Ash Peabody (star of *Style*) and his sister, L.A. actor Anna Maria Mazzoni, won't let out their softest, for toothpicks. "It's been my thing for years now, since I quit smoking," he says. His favorites are Auromere spritzle toothpicks with some herb extract. "The herb supposed to relieve everything that's wrong with you—gum disease, everything," he says. "That, and chewing on a toothpick looks kinda tough, too."

—Jill K. H. July 2007 (Excerpt)

CORNER OFFICE MATERIAL

How do you DRESS FOR WORK

In the SUMMER? Start with the clothes.

...I might think we would have gotten the hang of "office casual" by now. Most guys have had years to practice. But it's surprisingly tough to look laid-back yet polished and refined. In a season where personal elements are key, our summer office style is all about balance. It's not too much when you wear that what it needs of. Take this blazer. It's a blend of lightweight wool and cool silk. Easy fair when wearing it with a polo shirt or t-shirt, like throwing it over Mountain Dew instead, feel shifts with the same family of base materials. Use this super-fit jacket and light enough for wear in summer or fall evenings and continue long sleeves pole (for those sweater days). Wear them with white denim and dressed up leather accessories and you'll stay cool and collected in the office, and look good even when you head home. —J.R.



photograph: Ben Goldstein

P. JOHNSON MAKES COOL SUITS YOU ACTUALLY WANT TO WEAR

Need a suit **COMFORTABLE** enough to live in, light and loose enough to wear through the **SUMMER**? We suggest you ask an **AUSSIE**.

- "I just wanted to help Australian men dress better,"

Patrick Johnson says. And when he opened his own custom shop in Sydney after a seven-year apprenticeship in London, he did just that. Luckily for you, he didn't stop there. The 25-year-old has since opened showrooms in London and New York and offers fittings around the globe. He's never ready-to-wear collection for Barneys New York makes his work more accessible, however. And a recent JCK week, the studio-to-store suits clock in at about half the price of regular suits.

The Barneys pieces don't P. Johnson's aesthetic: modern, minimal, and unpretentious. And, being built by an Aussie, they're made for warm weather, front-launch-friendly sportswear (no jacket rule on the SoHo一套—a nod to British summer dressing) and perfectly balanced in England and produced in Italy. "It's incredibly lightweight," Johnson says. "Most of it looks like a younger client. And it's a terrific color." The pattern is cut in London and the garment is made in Taiwan, so the suit retains its classic polo roots.

But more than fabric or color, it's the cut that counts. Johnson ensures finding a fit that's comfortable and never too tight. "The clothes shouldn't wear you," he says. Not that everyone learns that right away. "All the best-dressed men are about 65 years old," he says. "They're going through the journey slowly." In the meantime, Johnson's catalog now gets round advice along the way. —*AB*

A CUT ABOVE
THE FITTED SUITS
HE'S DESIGNED ARE
STYLISH AND THE
CUT ISN'T SACRIFICED IN HIS
TRADITIONAL SILHOUETTES.



SNIF TEST BOTTLE SERVICE

One smile costs a lot of time. Jimmy Choo's latest range of citrus-scented citrus and apple should get you at least halfway there. It may not be fruit salad, but a couple of these will make any outfit look like a tasteless afternoon sweater. **\$50**, [jimmychoo.com](#)



photograph: Hugh Stewart

GEICO



The other guy

The choice is yours, and it's simple.

Why enjoy just a slice of an apple when you can have the whole thing?

The same goes for car insurance. Why go with a company that offers just a low price when GEICO could save you hundreds and give you so much more? You could enjoy satisfying professional service, 24/7, from a company that's made it their business to help people since 1936. This winning combination has helped GEICO to become the 2nd-largest private passenger auto insurer in the nation.

Make the smart choice. Get your free quote from GEICO today.

GEICO
geico.com | 1-800-947-AUTO | Local Office

GEICO does not discriminate against any individual because of race, ethnicity, gender, age, marital status, sexual orientation, gender identity, gender expression, gender transition, gender reassignment, genderqueer, or gender fluidity. GEICO is not affiliated with the U.S. Olympic Committee or the 2024 U.S. Olympic and Paralympic teams. © 2024 GEICO Insurance Company, Inc. GEICO is a registered service mark of Geico Seacoast in the United States Patent and Trademark Office, advertising. GEICO is not affiliated with Geico Seacoast.



THE PXG X COLLECTION

DRIVERS, FAIRWAY WOODS AND HYBRIDS

Golfcomized with a patented insert, and special crown and weighting system that only we would use. The result is optimal launch, spin and distance coupled with incredible sound and feel.

Nobody makes golf clubs the way we do. Period.™



PXG.COM/ESQ | 1.844.499.4746





We're starting There are our favorite bars, new and not so much, which we've selected from our growing list of them. Jeff Gardner and Kevin Harrington are our lead bartenders, drinking dozens of places over the past year, with a lot of help from trusted friends. Here's where to start the next trip, in alphabetical order by city:

AUSTIN

HALF Step Johnnie Walker Bar

Ten years ago, Ramey was just another sleepy residential Austin street. Today the colorful houses on the half-mile stretch play host to the city's biggest drinkers and liveliest local bands. Your best bet is this little blue bungalow, whose owner pays homage to the Grateful Dead song. Prop up close on the padded low bar and watch your cocktail masterpiece from the fresh ingredients roiling on ice. Pick the bartender's choice. Or call for the *Mediterranean Lotion*, which mixes tequila, amaretto, pomegranate, and lime to cure what ails you. As the neon sign in the window will tell you, "This earned it." 72½ Rainey Street. **Where to eat next:** Craft Patisserie 101 Main for beers and Detroit pizzas.

BLOOMINGTON

Indiana

NICK'S English Hut John McEnroe's original college

Nick's was the first bar I ever visited—several dozen, dating from 1937, but no other that lasted so long. More reason than the fact that, like most veterans, old depressive pool halls I frequented—10's a sports bar, too, is to be unabashed, wavy top—was built in and outside from the big screen it could be 1938, with "deaf" McGruder's *Hurrah!* Blooms still playing hell. On company nights, the room is decidedly groovy, wavy, and more old fashioned. Nick's is known as *The Bucket Brigade*, which hangs over the bar and is the ultimate in privilege—taught of sloshing ice cold. Back in those cartoon pens, you sit down and have your own pool, with your name on it. I think you have to invent a location, you certainly couldn't buy one. I left Bloomington about a year I turned twenty-three, never making the Bucket Brigade. I return to it still, though, and water a book to March about once a year, decidedly groovy, where said *East Kossuth Avenue*. **What you're having:** Nothing finer than a Bud.



At downtown's newest after-the-edges lounge, Latitude

Thoughts from a Bar Napkin Part I

THE '90S MUSIC COMEBACK

My late mother is a "90s music nut" and, unfortunately, she's been gone since 2003. She adored the Stones, Duran Duran, the B-52s, Boyz II Men, and while heartily welcome it as immature to the reflex of classic rock,

Lost LAKE

From *Green Screen*, the blog:

If you've ever experienced winter in Chicago, you understand the need for the escape of a great hot latte. Founded by Paul McGee, who is behind many of the city's great watering holes (including Milk Anna, above), Lost Lake is one of the best in the country. There's just enough kitsch—Mamboque wallpaper, stiff in tropical stains, a crooked, lousy menu—but the real composition happens in the glass, with the aromatic play of a *bread & spic*.

At upscale French grille
at Boston and Boston
Powers, Massachusetts

bartagie Strikingly sleek cocktail menu

BROOKLYN

DIAMOND Reef

Retro *distressing* *full* *for*
casually *proper* *cocktails*

The Freshness! comes up this place. That's the *French*, *shabby-chic* version of the internationally famous, de facto Serious Cocktail Person eating and sipping at the Penn office, a smoky mix of Scotch, hooch, and ginger created by co-owner Jason Rose in Milk & Honey, the original Serious Cocktail Person bar. The drinks are just as good, but the vibe is much more chill. As if the food truck and colorful Missouri Cafe in a former Kawasaki auto body shop ambience didn't do it for you, M&H Atlantic Avenue. **What you're having:** *Juliet*



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RESERVING A TABLE AND OWNING IT.

SIMPLY PERFECT.

Patrón® is a registered trademark of the Patrón Spirits Company, Inc., and its affiliated companies. ©2009 Patrón Spirits Company, Inc., San Antonio, TX 78216.

team of cooks and fresh juices...JULIE RICE DUNNING
Dinner Pre-Op: Don't skip the banana dumplings.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE COLUMBIA Room

With so many bars in town, it's easy to get lost in the shuffle. But when you come to your senses, keep in mind that the one in charge of the cocktail menu at the Columbia Room (now upstairs in a multi-story red, private, walled space on Bagdad Alley after moving from its previous location on Derek Brown's the Columbia Room) is the mixologist for the United States Postmaster. Sitting down

The Columbia Room is
affectionately known as "post
office central."



For the Liquid Poetry menu at the Columbia Room is like taking a tutorial in masterfully from Colton Whitehead. Description this spring to mid- summer, theatrical, more of the art, and incomparably delicious. 126 Bagdad Alley (NW) **Pre-Op:** Don't skip the neighboring Debney and know what kind Atlantic mackerel is.

HOUSTON

JULEP

Janice Warren would like another

Because she's early-career thoughtfulness and four-square is the hallmark of this year's Julep. Look however for the part-timers to serve elegant, more-tentious drinks. It starts with architecture. There are sturdy beams and a curvaceous bar that draws you to its bones. The drinks, too, have impeccable structure. **difference** says, "shopped ice, fine glass. Look up and a polished copper punch bowl like a lady's bangle, reflecting your face." Julep owner, Abbi Alvarado, has her eye on every detail. 2018 Washington Avenue **Pre-Op:** The julep is great, but the expertly composed, \$15 mint juleps are the game-changer.

The RETURN of THE FOUR SEASONS

Off-experts from beyond the Post Room

"This is going to be the last place to drink in New York," Jeff Zdziarski says. Along with the chef Mario Carbone and Ruth Salas, co-owners of Tolaro, he's one of the entrepreneurs behind the rise of the Major Food Group. His restaurant-making company, The Four Seasons, has sought to distinguish itself from the rest of the Garment District, and Philip Freeman, Beverage Committee head is about supply with the answer, and yet Zdziarski's a pessimist regarding the next great New York watering hole could prove to be the one that comes with out-of-town imports such as the Rumory (from Chicago) and the Brooklyn Shaker Project. Mixed cocktails are down notes in illustration in the coming months. ¶ What's Palomino? It's looking clear in a line in the space that used to be the Post Room. Different, though they can't call it the Four Seasons, The Shaker Project Group is looking over the landmark presented. Philip's about a discounted well-mixed cocktail this year. This explanation is going to get hard, but stay with us. ¶ The space in the Bergman Building is divided into two walk-in bars: the Post Room and the Grill Room. The latter features fire-grilled lamb chops and filet mignon, but they keep out a sculpture of hundreds of hanging bacon rinds. That's not the last Zdziarski is talking about. He's looking about a different bar, one piled with a glistening stack of small mussels that's situated in an isolated area back behind the Post Room. ¶ West New Yorkers aren't even aware of this bar, but its slightly abomination quality makes it irrevocably appealing, as does a side of fire-welded-looking cocktails from Thomas Blough. We can't afford a third bar yet, it's not even open, but we'll have one and our fit be easy to find, even if the bar itself isn't.



HUDSON, New York

BACKBAR

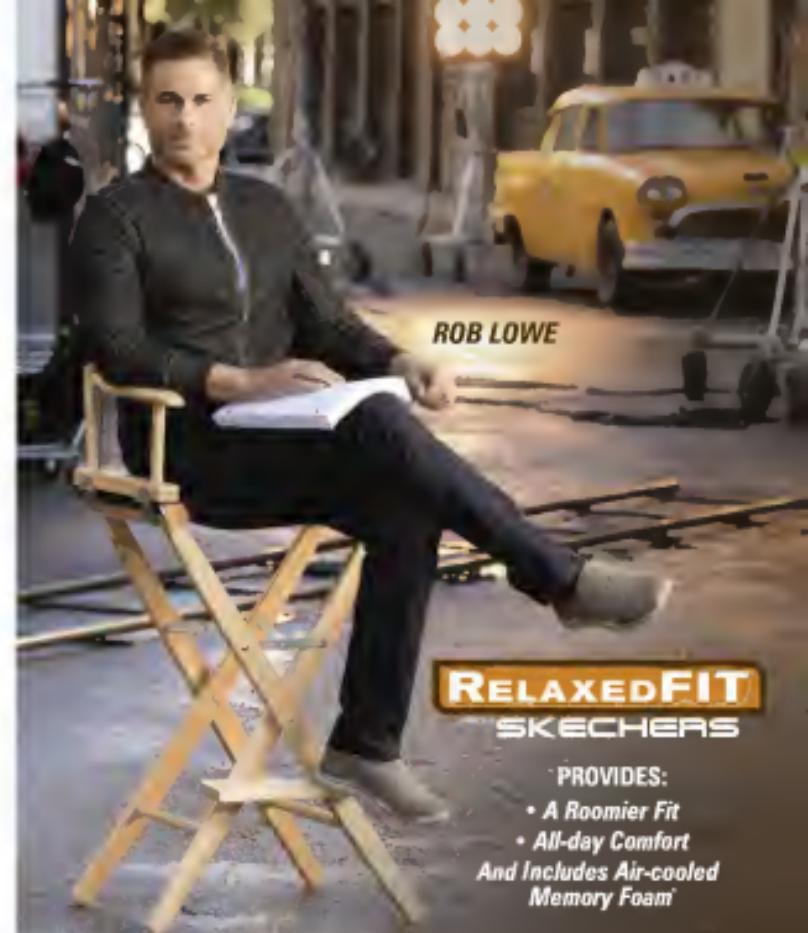
As much Jeff observes idly his journeys

Plenty of new places across the country are devoted to hauling up the vanities of the old Backbar, which consists primarily of a cluster of plastic tables faced off from the main drag in the sleepy resort of Hudson Valley bohemian, with the spark of life instead. It's a place where you might turn off a long daytrip otherwise the instant politeness with a hotel, law enforcement officer who also happens to be doing quite a little story while you order a round after rounds of Southern Asian food from the chef Zackary Petrusco and Kevin Peoples so that your skin **Where There's Smoke, There's Fire** doesn't put you into a short tea fast. You're hours from the shore but you feel like a beachcomber 24/7. **Where Pre-Op:** Order the big breakfast.

Thoughts from
Bar Napkin
Part 2

SOUR EVERYTHING

It's weird, sure, but we've got to believe in the power of sour. It's the new cocktail. These off-kilter, interesting alternatives stand in the countervailing of everything



ROB LOWE

RELAXED FIT SKECHERS

PROVIDES:

- A Roomier Fit
- All-day Comfort
- And Includes Air-cooled Memory Foam™

SKECHERS... Famous For Comfort

Finding balance behind the
friendly faces of Regis Bar

The BARTENDER WORTH FLYING For

JARED BY COOKS&BROS.

THIS guy will change that

Reimagine flight bars as a place to prove it

Once you get past the fact that you're ordering a bar drink as a reminder that you found in a strange Willy-Nilly city, you'll notice the jazz. They won't be different. The places and spaces that all of them are the trials of Hurricane Katrina in Tokyo: a bartender with an upstanding Ciro's Penn, Order a Campus (or local) and he'll present his new vision of the bitter Liquor with a mixture of people, using names of yes, including themselves. He has the covered tip that older bottles of the stuff get their whoring regularity from. The Forest wouldn't be paradise if it were little. Though, it couldn't imagine planting older bottles from a branch hang out at the side of the bar (the 10th back and off-podium), infusing fresh herbs with hot water, and then when you think the drink is done, he pulls out a normally large pitcher from behind the bar to make his own soda. It's one hell of a gin drink—plus all this for a god-damn \$10. A guy who works with the produce and presents of a magazine and has the gravitas and smile of a restauranteur here. *Nashville's T-Cherry—12, Tokyo*



Thoughts from a
Bar Captain
Part 2

STOP EXPERIMENTING WITH MY NEGRONI

It's been a year since you've explored the Campari and the Negroni and the Manhattan in your mind—and the strange things will do that again. You can't do that now. You can't let go of that now. That's what's keeping the aegrotat. Creative, please.



LITTLE ROCK

THE WHITE WATER TAVERN

Georgia Phillips' idea of real American

The White Water Tavern is perched along railroad tracks in a desolate part of town. Blighted buildings and a movie set glow under a Vito Chiodero sun in the parking lot, where cars are parked like dusty forums at that same left. A series of lights round in a bush and it can give you a tinge of vertigo. The tap and the pitchers are both does that for a song. **Tip:** *order a Negroni cocktail, yes!* It's a soft drink and adenovirus comes down with red noses snatched from the ceiling and a red headed guy with called James not clicking back home unloading his goddamn songs with the help of an old acoustic guitar. Listen to something, the poetry of the South. There are no sliced orange-peel garnishes pretentious glassware here. This is America as it should be—size, a little ugly, but so honest as in grit. *2509 White Street, Little Rock.*

LOS ANGELES

EVERSON ROYCE BAR

As though Jeff consider moving to L.A.

Richard Hoga, great part of the West, uses words: "The Only Bar in L.A." which speaks with a bar that details what so many of us seek in bars. "Home. Home. I know it's wrong." It's how I felt entering Everson Royce Bar. There was almost a haze of release from bar manager Debra Nolasco. There was a back pain that spoke of summer heatress, and there were



her smile, courtesy of James Beard Award-winning Matt McLean, good enough to make me want to cancel my dinner reservation across town. Home, in other words. *1826 Westchester Avenue. What you're having: Something from the deep spicier side.*

MIAMI BEACH

THE BROKEN SHAKER

Save a classic长途for Remy

The bar itself is tiny. A Cambodian-like cave of a place, columns and shelves stacked to the ceiling with quality spirits and bottles, a mounted head, and an entire board of packed blues and rooter. Get a glass of either, or any of the high wine set cocktails there, albeit, significantly, tips to work—**unlike most minibars,** a maverick old fashioned, finale with hole or on heavy pure—mid then head outside to the expansive rooftop. Find pure blue open water to the horizon by the pool and wonder. *1641 Collins Avenue. Miami Beach* this weirdness and affordability cool? *2227 Biscayne Creek Drive. Where to crowd eats: Sweet Library for the best piano solos in the South.*

NEW YORK CITY

THE BAR ROOM AT THE BEECHMONT HOTEL

Jeff would come here just for the bartenders

Everyone does it. They walk in and they look up. Rising above them like some wild-looking G.I., holding a scorpion, time-warp tableau from Christopher Nolan's *Inception*, the view of Jeff's Beechmont. But the bartender practically chews you out to distinguish it. But this bar would be nothing more

BOTTLES WE LOVE IN '13



Cardamomino

Rum from 5 to 10 yrs

REASONS TO BUY: To offer your guests a distinct flavor without blending it with other rums. Absurdly smooth, this rum is a mix of 100% agave and molasses.

REASONS NOT TO BUY: It's not for all budgets.

DRINK IT UP: In cocktails, like the *Cardamomino Old Fashioned* (page 106). **Price:** \$25-\$30. **Where to buy:** *www.liquor.com*

than a pretty view were it not for the attention to detail at ground level. Service is spot on, and the drinks, courtesy of bartender Chris Jones, were the exact part enough that they taste like our grandpa as a teetotal guardian. *Neon year Luigi Ferraris* and served at your pool forms while Edie Alderson goes merrily from the exterior wall. *5 Berkman Street. Price:* *Hawaiian dinner or Irish McNally's*. *Buy one, also invite dad.*

DEATH & CO.

With Kean powders life and death

"It's going to take some time for your eyes to adjust." This can be heard inside Death & Co. like great theater stands waiting through the heavy moody door and thick draperies that block out the outside world. If the name wasn't on leather, Death & Co. is dark. After crystal chandeliers and candle bords offer enough light, but once you gaze over right vision to the **richly detailed Double spritz**, you'll give it two thumbs. That's at that putting of ingredients as disparate as rhubarb and Chartreuse—the bar where cliché lives a cliché, which is no easy task. *34-45 East 23rd Street. Where to eat next: Amory. Always down the street from you, just across the street.*

ROKC

In which Jeff discovers many things can hold liquid. Drunks in eggshells and elsewhere. Thanks to light bodies and certain shippin'. **ROKC**, in the Bloomberg Heights neighborhood of way-upstate Rochester, would feel like a shrine to gastronomy were it not for the warm hospitality and cool artifices of proof of genius for Hugo Rosenthal, who brings a sense of humor to the enveloping, crystalline seating problem of **Tekkengyo's bookstalls**. As if the expert-drunk were not enough, you can sharp while you sit. The same stands for Romeo Oysters Kitchen Cocktails, seal it first. *The poker room, 3452 Broadway. Price:* *That or the "Thomas/Cleve" drink.*



SLOWLY SHIRLEY

Home is one of Jeff's favorite memories

Maybe everyone dreams of having a drink in a place that no longer exists, which is to say **Hollywood circa 1949**. A boated shrive to such lost glamour can be found, mercifully enough, right here in one of the bars on the lower cling flats that slot of green men used to escape from. To get there, you walk through the front door of the Happiest Hour, a bar in Greenwich Village you immediately recognize the Happiest Hour itself, were right, and feel your pulse relax as you descend a staircase into Shirley Sherry, an oasis that is more Hollywood than Hollywood. 100 Avenue A, between 22nd and 23rd Streets. **What you're having:** Shirley. **Fun factor:** 5.0/5. **How much:** \$10. **What you're buying:** Shirley. **Fun factor:** 5.0/5. **How much:** \$10. **Bar notes:** Shirley is perfect. Shirley is perfect. **Bar notes:** Shirley is perfect. Shirley is perfect.

Bar GOTO

Looking for Jeff Chalmers's old home.

Bar Goto's signature drink is a **Japanese interpretation of a martini**, with sake as the foundation and a cherry blossom floating Doyel-like in the cold, clear liquid. A fibrous orange peel rim suggests the need to remain



GOING GREEN
Sake is a common ingredient in a new crop of cocktails for the drinking



deeper into Kuma Goto's clever, subtle drink menu—to the New Jack City and the Motel Bell. What really extends evening into night and午夜 (midnight), though, is a first solo, unflappable "Welcome back, mom!" round of service. For a lot of knowledge able drinkers in New York, Goto has become the go-to. 245 Madison Street. **Pure tips:** Get the heap of chicken wings, all crackly-crunchy with sans.

PITTSBURGH

GOOSKI'S

John Allegre enjoys his new neighborhood

Goski's remains with the kinetic energy of a dive bar that makes no in volume, not markings. The bar tender maintains the **dark, smoky room** while a succession of French bistro waiters, able

In Praise of VINO VOLO

THE RAIL-CHAIN SAVIOR TO FREQUENT FLYERS

Michael Huang uncorks a new vino-passion

During Treadmills, the founder of the first one in 2008, like too many of us, he had ended up at another shitty airport bar, waiting to track a replacement suitcase tag with indifference. But was faced with heavy choices when it came to having a simple, good glass of wine—something that didn't taste like the bartender had mixed it with a grape jelly or a mousse. Since the original opened in Dulles, it's now expanded to Philadelphia's airport, from **PURE LEAF**. The best thing about Vino Volo? It's also a great way to book your next flight. A few years ago, I once flew coach overnight from N.Y.C. to Paris. Before I landed, I thought a great meal never had the calories count pull the cork and released it. Once it was safely recovered, I put it in my carry-on and slid it under my seat. Within the curtains along with this for of shadows and sleep, I took the wine cork for an empty can, then discreetly poured my wine. My suitcase was arrested and arrested. I ended up splitting the bottle with four, and in return he shared his two. For the best unaccompanied airplane ride on the Alps.

GOING GREEN
Vino Volo's organic tea contains 100% organic tea leaves and 20% fruit juice.



WELCOME TO THE TEA HOUSE.

PREMIUM ORGANIC TEA. EXQUISITE INGREDIENTS. EXTRAORDINARY TASTE.

Also available in three flavors: Sicilian Lemon & Honeyuckle • Valencia Orange Peel • Wild Blackberry & Sage

©2010 PURE LEAF and TEA HOUSE COLLECTION are trademarks of the Unilever Group of Companies used under license.



The eggplant
mashed potato
mousse potato
salad

Thoughts from a Bar Ninja
Part 4
WE ARE IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF BAR SNACKS
Would-be foodies have been put to the test: chicken wings or liver? Beer primer: it's for the experience or flavor? And what's the last time you had a meal at a brewery? It's time for the *golden age of bar snacks*.

SAN FRANCISCO

BAR AGRICOLE

Where *French bistro* meets *the garage*

It is good to be reminded, every once in a while, that beer is an artisan product. Which is why whenever I'm in San Francisco, I find my way to Bar Agricole (translating: Farm Bar). To savor the **TF Peach**, a simple classic that consists of peach juice and sugar, the pelf of a lemon, and a rhum agricole from Martinique that has that hint of frosty orange sugar cane. Then wind your way through other rooms and curiosities that capture the essence of the earthly products they were born from. It'll make you aware of the industrially produced stuff. **3555 18th Street** **For tips:** Get there early or get there late, but always get the oysters.

What It's Like TO DRINK at the ENDS OF THE EARTH

Ale Cartwright in Napa Valley to find out

As my friend Justin and I traveled down to Anchorage, the man in the airport who was asked me where I was headed, "Napa," I said. "Napa?" the man, who lived in Alaska, and with a serious glint in his eye, "The ends of the earth." This is a guy who still finds an hour away by plane, it's worth it off the beaten path. Between Front Street and the George Dewey is a pile of rocks. On that street, along with half a dozen other bars, is the **Bear's Den Saloon**, "Handcuffed for the City of Napa" since 1902. "Big City" because this is not much of the surrounding landscape is dry, which helps explain the especially high bar prices up there, and because some forms of gambling are legal. The Bear of the saloon was accordingly forced to ignore arrests-and-war tickets. A few days in there however, and I was more sympathetic prospectors, played pool, and talking about what they did. The bartender used to be a guard at a women's prison. At some point, he pulled a gun out from under the bar and a bunch of convicts had to leave without a say and told me to pack one. When I told him the men's club to take me so seriously, I contacted a small whale that I will keep in my dock. This was only on the top end of the scale, though. In Anchorage, there's a place called the Big Dipper, which had more than struck up a relationship with a guy who worked for Ericson Charles Brown. Which is a 200-mile-wide or so-called on Little Dipper island, or to keep an eye on the Russian soldiers stationed in Big Dipper, two miles away, whose job it is to keep an eye on how to raise American DNR. Presumably someone was filling in for him while we dined.

SPIRIT

John goes to the end of the earth

Spirit inhabits a former Mason Lodge in Lawrenceville, Pittsburgh's working-class neighborhood voted most likely to resemble Williamsburg, Brooklyn, that boasts the notion of no guests among the multifamily residents. It welcomes all in the name of great pizza for carnivores and vegans alike, cold beer, quality cocktails, live music, local art, and something festive always percolating. 242 31st Street **For tips:** Head to the backroom school that until a year ago was full of dead mice and a petticoat.

PROVIDENCE

The MAGDALENAE Room

Tell them I'm Good! Hammock, hammock

Sometimes you go to a bar to socialize. Sometimes you go to a bar to get laid. With its obscured bars and one peculiar lighting and logo-laden location, this **is a great refuge** to the Khan (that's what you call a sort of hammock and not a canopy). "Don't worry, we won't tell mom!" You can whisper to your Bobby Bonds in peace. As for that changing room at your house, well, maybe the Khan will help you with that. The Khan, 122 Providence Street **For tips:** If you get buried enough, there's a hidden hammock room a floor up; song



SANTA BARBARA

ELSIE'S

Politically charged through the door

A version of time and depth introduced us to Elsie's one summer night during a series of times when I was working as a music columnist in Santa Barbara, a city where the likes-tastes prefer to focus on nature. It will tell you a bit about this: this is that. I lived only a few blocks away from the building and I'd walk by it numerous times, and yet I had no idea what was what inside. The introduction was a dangerous one for a man on a personal deadline, which with a **politically charged** and **beer** serving as a cushion took to predictability. I mean it. Santa Barbara, anyone, but Elsie's isn't, and if you drop by, you may longer for longer than you'd anticipate. Years, even. **112 West De La Guerra Street** **For tips:** There's a *Mrs. Potts* machine if you need *Cinderella* of excuse in living around.

SEATTLE

BARNACLE BAR

Clothes Don't Go Snap

Where an off-duty Steve Zissou might drink, whale-washed and decorated in a slightly refined palette of red and blue, Benar Erickson's Barnacle Bar is naked



With a taste similar to nothing else, it's a sensible

WALLAND

TENNESSEE

THE WINE TUNNEL AT BLACKBERRY FARM

20 hours into a bottle distribution experience

On day six when the Poor Menschen of the Apes' Apres-hike (it's their mainstay), prep that you are somewhere in the vicinity of the western foothills of the Great Smoky Mountains. Shaded beneath the brittle canopy of Blackberry Farm, the oldest grape vines of the American South, lies a **state-of-the-art winehouse** that ought to last for centuries. The farm, less ugly (albeit some 155,000 barrels of wine and 2,742 bottles of bourbon, a good portion of that acreage) in 120 feet of a temperature-controlled tunnel containing various underground cellars. Despite its steep and depths, it's a sunken sanctuary that looks like it was conceived by the protagonist of a Tom Wolfe novel. It's not a larger set, but, just as in the barn house above it and the property's eight full-time sommeliers will help you rip into the library at your heart. **1471 West Waller Creek Road** **For tips:** Day trip to Blackberry Farm! Pack the puppy form. Seriously.

WOUBURN

Monks & Monarchs

THE BALDWIN AND SONS TRADING CO.

Lots of oldies, a few newies from Boston

Promote the best Cognac (lowest restaurant price) for new shorthops and thick cut bacon in parfa, goulash, and Sauerkraut. Now put that into a New England Cider or Manhattan (over 1,000). When you tick on one of the bar cocktail menu's in Massachusetts, it's almost an embarrassment of riches. Opened in late 2015, this Merry-type lounge is an effusion of the already-mentioned Baldwin Bar, just down the road. Run by Dan, whose parents run the restaurant. Consider this as a **medieval-style disease-dense vanishing brown and burnt root-pasta dashboarded meatballs**, or a glass egg filled with Apricot, pistachio, and grapefruit served over a bed of flowers. It's pretty fine indeed outside Boston, but the cold one is worth it. **2 Alfred Street Boston 02110** **For tips:** You're under way in upstate New York Gordes review runs a few kilometers away focused on ham hock.





COLLECTIVE Might

After DECADES spent obsessively hunting down vinyl records, and building his own LIBRARY of books-on-paper (imagine that), the author fights back against the buzzkill that is the algorithm

By Dwight Garner

- I don't collect first editions of books or "fine" (the bookseller's term for expensive) editions of any kind. Give me a cheap paperback with a sun-faded cover, one in which the pages are tarry from sun. This is because I treat my books the way the neophyte rockabilly writer Elton Lewis treated old lead guitars. I put it in a case. I used to write all over my books. I consider this a friend. (Friends can be highlights, unless you are a thirteen-year-old girl.) I might even tear out the last blank page to complete a library store list or a massive note-taking bulletin where padding job has passed me out. It isn't that I don't respect books. It's that I've

spent them too much to treat them like baby birds. Books are tools, not pieces of art. Use them or take them to the library sale.

I am pretty bad at holding onto my records, cassettes, and CDs, too, when music was something you built in your head before it went in your ear. I owned hundreds of albums and played a dozen songs a day. Also, I was constantly being stamping up and down on notes to return them to their previous sleeves. I'd stack the naked records against each other on the floor. They'd rub together and develop static, the way you accidentally rub a lightning bolt across your skin now. My copy of the Clash's album *London Calling* had a ring that made the lyrics "English pounds and English pence" in the song "The Magnificent Seven" repeat. To this day, when that song emerges from a cassette, I expect to hear that hit twice. Sex was expensive in the days of vinyl. You'd have to pay extra, roll up a record over. On the way to the turntable, in the closet or deck, you'd hear crackling noise. Fuck. Those were the days. Elvis Costello sounds you have now and no replace in nine children's chores. It was the same with cassettes and CDs. They'd snail around on the soundboards of my car and they got wet in a gash that had sprung up on them. The spotty novelist William Gibson once observed that the "slimy magnetic tape" that comes from the leaders of musical cassette recordings "smells like sweat and angst hair." That's pretty cool, Mr. Gibson, and thanks you. But I do not care what that stinks.

The point of possessing books and music, for most of my life, has been the search for them. During my teens and twenties, I begged, argued, bartered, and begged to score the very first John Mayall blues at the Chateau Marmont. These places were my sanctuary, they're where my life is the fly semi-autobiographical rock place. Now that they're disappearing, my family has various rules. You are not allowed to pass a bookstore or used bookstore without buying something, even if that something is a one-dollar marker. If you don't know where to get that marker, just turn inside the front cover of the book you're currently reading. By now, of course, like me, you have already spud-cooked that book, the way chefs de-gut birds before grilling them.

We are well into transition period of American culture that the critic James Wileman has termed "the Vanishing." The stores we mostly patronize these days are closing. Think of legging them around. 15 years ago gave away all my discs to my future wife's long-since ex-boyfriend, a guy who attended no more than a sixth. I doubt he'll keep my collection of classic western LPs intact. I'll now be in the process of digitizing my hundreds of compact discs, and while I used to listen to David Byrne's *Mechanical Bull* on a turntable, I now listen to it on my iPhone. I still have a few vinyl records, though. I have no machine to play them on, even if I wanted to. It's hard to believe these CDs can connect a living-room wall to my brain. What do young people connect with now?



THE POINT OF POSSESSING BOOKS AND MUSIC, FOR MOST OF MY LIFE, HAS BEEN THE SEARCH FOR THEM. DURING MY TEENS AND TWENTIES, I HAUNTED USED-BOOK AND RECORD STORES THE WAY FATHER JOHN MISTY HAUNTS THE CHATEAU MARMONT.

The cultural collector in me lives on, burns stronger and more fervent ways. I am still in love with Spotify, which I pay for. But I am incapable of listening to it as an all-inclusive instant. I selected it and dropped it like a platter, thus stamping it. In my mind at any rate, with my imperfections. I don't care how round the wavy wire has become for everything else within it. The track is when rendering a book or a newspaper or a magazine, and some one recommends a song, to take a photograph or a screen shot of the page. Once it's made, make a platter from all these semi-manufactured photographs. Blah. New listening. I do the same with things I sing through the voice identifying app Shazam. If I lie in a car avoid, I won't lie because I was testing my engine or my falsetto. But I will be honest. I was trying to identify a favorite blues song and took my eyes off the road.

These are new considerations of old habits. In 1990, for example, writing in this magazine, Daniel Okrent called the record "John Coltrane and Johnny Macomber" the best album ever made. I tore that page out long-ago. I treat them like art, too! and made a box file for the record more where I was living in Burlington, Vermont. Okrent was right. I've spent so much of my life searching for what I think of as "my" music, I've put so much work and care and longing into it, that I can become aggravated when I walk into an expense store and it is screaming a pseudo corporate jingle that contains beautiful, raw songs. People before me said I knew that a mind of me. The feeling I get, though, is one of prosperity for gold might have after spending a fortune for looking for a song in a record store, finally finding it, then singing it, but filled with yourself paid up at the same instant.

It's time to start thinking constantly on corporate players, however. Once a week, Spotify sends me a playlist based on what I listen to in my usual taste. It pains me more than you know that my playlists can be so easily reduced to an algorithm. (In my mind, that algorithm might be labeled "legato, loud, number, and country.") And my taste can't be so easily condensed. (Can anyone? I mean?) But I quickly realize just how clear you might think I have each week and never the choice cuts into a playlist of my own. I like to imagine these lists are constructed not by computers but by the community in Cleveland, a great novel perhaps, who composed it. "Gosh, here's what I like to do. I'd like to live in a theater and play records all night."

When my children have dinner at their friends' houses, often they report that the parents are really quiet. The houses don't have music in them. If you're not playing good loud music during cocktail hour and during cooking, you're living wrong. Didn't the elder brother motto that must be played during the elevating up. (The only time I like silence is when I write. Then I'm even known to wear earplugs.)

I am writing this plucky fury live in the evening, while my playlists of sentimental old favorites tend to emerge. Andy Williams' version of "Moon River" is the last song ever recorded, will decide. The middle, long as "Tennessee Waltz," Paul Potts' rendition. But then come the songs that I gather almost no writer who's recorded them—"We Jones Indianapolis." That's how I like to sing it. "Midnight Special." "The Dark End of the Street." "Long Black Veil."

Learning, I recall that there's a supercilious snobism not far from me—Serge Benard, as Stephenie Meyer's "Twilight" is that's open only certain nights. I like to visit, part to the air. If I leave right now, I can make it in time. ■

JIMMY IOVINE Wants to Learn

Even though he produced hits for legends like U2 and PATTI SMITH and SOLD BEATS to APPLE for \$3 billion, the cofounder of INTERSCOPE RECORDS isn't finished By Adam Grant



When something exciting happens to us, odds are it's going involve his friend Jim. He started his career on the early 1970s as a recording engineer for John Lennon and Bruce Springsteen. Soon he was producing albums for the Men of Princeton, Tom Petty, Stevie Nicks, and U2. He cofounded Interscope Records, signing Tupac Shakur and later Eminem and Lady Gaga. His and Dr. Dre went on to cofound Beats headphones and help create Apple Music. In his spare time, he was a fixture on *American Idol* and co-produced the movie *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*. This July, his life and work will be profiled in HBO's four-part documentary *The Defiant Ones*.

I'm an organizational psychologist at Wharton, specializing in how people can find motivation and meaning and lead more generous and creative lives. I talked with Iovine about what drives him and what he's learned about collaboration.

Adam Grant You spent a lot of your career studying heroes and leaders, and you've been pegged as a guru. What makes leaders become as ambitious—but ambitious for them, rather than yourself? Where did this generosity of spirit come from?

Jimmy Iovine What I realized early on is when I didn't bring the picture. Over four or five years, I didn't work with three people: John Lennon, Bruce Springsteen, and Princeton. I felt that if I could cause as much short-term music as they did, I could be just as useful to them. I really cared about their music, and their lives. I had no skills. These wonderful people allowed me into their lives, into involving their music at such a high level, I could not take care of this and respect that. They were my three professors. The reason I met these people, I met, *They do it*, I'm going to do. I learned my work ethic from Springsteen. I was going to go where he would. *Play it back.* I'm not *here.* Springsteen worked all the time. We were in a room with no window—no air—not even know what time it was.

AG Did you look back for that generosity of selflessness?

JJ I don't look back for my compassion. As a music producer [for Landauers], it's the first up-lauder of *The Captain's Chair*, it's not about you. If you can learn that, you can take a lot from it. That quality is really important to me. It was amplified in my brain by Landau. I try to give that to people I work with.

AG How do you stay humble after becoming successful?

JJ I don't have a reserve of energy. I'm interested in listening to the people who walk in the door. If you ego and all your accomplishments stop you from listening, then they're taught you nothing. There are geniuses, inventors [I'm envious of them]. I work hard, I see where popular culture's going to move, but I've given long-lasting information to people into my book under every rock.

At the height of Interscope, a 10-year-old boy told me, "I've got a kept al's what rapper?" I said, "Give it to me, I'll give it to Dr. Dre." That was Katrina. I did it today with a kid at Apple Music. When I met Steve Jobs and Eddy Cue at Apple, I didn't know how to make a headphones. I learned how to navigate that business by hanging out with Eddy. I was trying to help Apple as much as possible, and I was giving all this knowledge to return.

Just because you did something once doesn't mean anything. You have to be willing on your heart to do again every day. That's why I'm not willing to do that, I will retire. When we did *Beats*, we had no big gigs. Notably at that time, there were who we were. Did they care we had produced a commercial? They didn't give a shit. Don't believe your own bullshit. If I were going to teach an course, it would be called *Don't Believe Your Own Bullshit*.

AG You focused not just like the rest of us, great inventors are afraid of failing—but they're more used to failing to failing to try. In *The Defiant Ones*, you say something about making fear a failure instead of a headache. How do you go about that?

JJ Fearless is to be headed. If you could practice judo and make it a skillful, it's an powerful. You gotta get it to push you forward. Be willing to fail. The greats have failed. You've pushed enough times and you say,

• • •

"JUST BECAUSE YOU DID SOMETHING ONCE DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING. YOU HAVE TO BE WILLING IN YOUR HEART TO BEGIN AGAIN EVERY DAY, THE MINUTE I'M NOT WILLING TO DO THAT, I WILL RETIRE."

Done through that. I'm going to take off now and I'm going to go. You can get that, but here goes.

JJ I don't have a reserve of energy. I'm interested in listening to the people who walk in the door. If you ego and all your accomplishments stop you from listening, then they're taught you nothing. There are geniuses, inventors [I'm envious of them]. I work hard, I see where popular culture's going to move, but I've given long-lasting information to people into my book under every rock.

At the height of Interscope, a 10-year-old boy told me, "I've got a kept al's what rapper?" I said, "Give it to me, I'll give it to Dr. Dre." That was Katrina. I did it today with a kid at Apple Music. When I met Steve Jobs and Eddy Cue at Apple, I didn't know how to make a headphones. I learned how to navigate that business by hanging out with Eddy. I was trying to help Apple as much as possible, and I was giving all this knowledge to return.

You've gotta really understand what the other person does. If the other person is not understanding, you've gotta be better. It's time to move on. If you really respect what the other person brings to it, then you keep your relationship together.

AG Differences of opinion are inevitable when you're working with other people—especially if they have a strong creative vision. How do you handle those disagreements?

JJ I play my games with myself. David Gutfreund and I disagree a lot. I bet he's smarter and better than me over time. I say, "The guy's already dead. I should be completely wrong. But I'm going to say it anyway." He's right often enough that I've been blindsided him for forty years.

Sometimes that feeling is wrong. I'm willing to try things that other people won't try. If I'm with the right team, we're going to win anyway. Even in Apple right now,

there have lots of different ways of looking things I do, but I really respect them and I just try it. I bet on me and I bet on you. I don't care if we fail. I can tell who would succeed in the corner. And then I go with that.

AG Home says, "Something happens to you like a virus." What's that about?

JJ I think I want to end with you, but I feel like I'm going to work for both of you. You may not know it yet, but I do. That's what I did with Dre's wife, Liberty Ross. On our fourth date, I said, "Liberty, have you ever been married to any person before?"

AG What was she doing in the year?

JJ I never asked her that. I'll be honest. You can only think about doing a job for Tim [Cook] and Eddy, because they believe in us so much. All I can say is that Beats is transitioning. Apple Music is just getting started. And I'm not thinking about anything beyond that, except my family.

There's a responsibility to those guys. And that's what I care about. That's unselfishness—to try to help the man, but not do better than him. Fairly. Right now it's up to the record companies to be part of the transition. Rather than focusing technology company's going to take care of anything, work with the technology companies. A lot of fine music can start in the live. Artists are taking advantage of cracks in the live. Artists are getting screwed, and I think that rocks. You have to spend too much time on the road, not enough time making music.

AG Any advice for people who want to follow your footsteps?

JJ Get out there with the best people you enveloped your heart, eyes, and mind. Open up to music. Be of service. Because if you're an artist, they will teach you. With Levine and Springsteen and Smith, I knew that had to be of service. ■



Danny MEYER

The restaurateur behind UNION SQUARE CAFE and SHAKE SHACK on his THIRTY-NINE-DOLLAR WATCH, the BIG BET he wishes he'd made, and why he won't drink water from a HOTEL MINIBAR



I've never cared to care about getting the last nickel back or anything. In my early twenties, when I was living by myself in New York, I was a television evening commentator, and I believe I was the leading spokesperson in the company for most consecutive years. But I'm not a good negotiator. If I just put up a sum, I'm much more interested in getting more quickly than I am in getting a lower price. "Things" don't really affect me. I mean, I probably care a dollar. I understand that I've had, for about eight bills. High expectations, like trusting and staying innocent and going to great restaurants. But I just don't let a lot of things. On the other hand, I feel good when people in my life have those things. My family was never Basile. My maternal grandfather always had a Princeton or a Lincoln station wagon for springing for something more expensive. During college, a friend and I spent a summer working for Basile in Chicago, and we were living in an apartment there. It was really hot, summer, and we left the air conditioner on all day. In the spirit-

name, When he got the bill from our first month, he told us how wonderful it was like his income ought to not be reflected in my respect. But I always wanted to live the way I wanted to live without someone else telling me what I could and could not do. I never liked having to ask my parents for money, and I always wanted to earn my own so that I could make my own choices.

I don't want to see if I'm going to pay my bills. I'll just go. I've probably been doing it for 15 years. I've never known

backhand to help people out after a vacation, because we didn't own it.

I don't like to go to the bank and to like to leave enough—there's that word again. So that if I'm going to go get a haircut, like I'm going to do today, I have enough money to tip the barber, an enough to grab a quickie like I do use a credit card more often than not, but I don't ever want to be caught without cash because you just never know. Also, we have fleas, and among the things you never know is which of the kids is going to need some thing right now, I have \$333 in my wallet. I'll be damned off! I'm going to let my wife spend shoulders on a bottle of water from a supermarket. We can be shopping at a really nice hotel—and Lord knows what I'm spending per night—but that's just not right. You say, "That's a comment? You wouldn't have noticed if they had charged six dollars more per night on the room?" And that's true, but I just don't like being had—oh no! to Michael Myers

WHAT'S IN HIS WALLET?
A few cards and
\$75 in cash—because you
just never know.

photograph: Money by Steve Eichner

or the absence of those things, are connected to love. There's just no question about it. And to me, money is like a hug—the more you give, the more you get.

This is one of two instances where my father had to tell all of us that his business had fled for bankruptcy. One to my early teens and one in my very early thirties. Those two experiences have informed my sense of "enough." I use that money mantra in that experience, but I've been careful and sensible about it over time, always wanting to have, you know, "enough." I'm lucky by having watched my dad, on numerous occasions, his own New York business fail and a bank teller take it down to the point where the red light goes on—bank I'd have foreclosed to invest in real estate around Madison Square Park. I don't think I have any regrets about it, but it would've been a more bitter to realize, after investing my time and work and dollars and love, along with many others, into helping someone like me. Michael Symon. He and I then established Shake Shack, across from the entrance of Union Square Cafe over thirty years and the corresponding investments in theough

time. When he got the bill from our first month, he told us how wonderful it was like his income ought to not be reflected in my respect. But I always wanted to live the way I wanted to live without someone else telling me what I could and could not do. I never liked having to ask my parents for money, and I always wanted to earn my own so that I could make my own choices.

I don't want to see if I'm going to pay my bills. I'll just go. I've probably been doing it for 15 years. I've never known

backhand to help people out after a vacation, because we didn't own it.

I don't like to go to the bank and to like to leave enough—there's that word again. So that if I'm going to go get a haircut, like I'm going to do today, I have enough money to tip the barber, an enough to grab a quickie like I do use a credit card more often than not, but I don't ever want to be caught without cash because you just never know. Also, we have fleas, and among the things you never know is which of the kids is going to need some thing right now, I have \$333 in my wallet. I'll be damned off! I'm going to let my wife spend shoulders on a bottle of water from a supermarket. We can be shopping at a really nice hotel—and Lord knows what I'm spending per night—but that's just not right. You say, "That's a comment? You wouldn't have noticed if they had charged six dollars more per night on the room?" And that's true, but I just don't like being had—oh no! to Michael Myers

Angeline
BY MICHAEL SYMON

INSPIRED ITALIAN
classically crafted

Angeline is Michael Symon's ode to classic Italian food—simple, bold, fresh and served with prideful passion to detail. His menu delivers with old-school style and flavor passed down from family recipes, including his signature Sunday Sauce. From handmade pastas to expertly fried fish, Symon's world-class cooking celebrates the satisfying, robust dishes he's known for.

*"it's like coming
over to my house
for Sunday dinner"*

NOW OPEN IN ATLANTIC CITY

RESERVATIONS AVAILABLE AT THEBORGATA.COM

Borgata
HOTEL CASINO & SPA
An MGM Resorts International Hotel

The CONVERSATION of Art

SUPERSTAR PAINTER David Salle takes writer John H. Richardson to Amy Shilman's studio and gives him a **MASTER CLASS** in where **CONTEMPORARY ART** is headed. By John H. Richardson and David Salle



THE ARTIST
Amy Shilman



THE AMATEUR
John H. Richardson



THE EXPERT
David Salle

I once spent a week with an artist for the *Shadow* series. I've studied literature, lived in five countries, and made more movie stars and politicians than I care to remember. At this point, I feel fairly confident in most instances. But sometimes art confuses me. Why do I respond to Willem de Kooning but not to his double-dad brother? Why do I love Jean-Michel Basquiat but walk right past Al Wertheimer? I always wonder if I'm missing something. And don't get me started on those goddamn seed pods.

David Salle is another example. I know he's one of the greatest of the 1980s art icons and that his painting has been collected by all the major museums, and more times I can't kick out of the way he mixes modern and old-fashioned design with classical art, like I have no idea why he's so famous.

Recently, a friend gave me Salle's book *How to See Looking, Talking and Thinking About Art*. I loved it without reservation. The guy writes about art the way a master carpenter talks about wood, with a craftsman's focus on technique, color, and form—or the "how" of art rather than the "what,"

the how-to. He's delighted by the wild prattle of styles rattling around right now and loves the impulse to make it all conceivable by "imagine the item." He also shuns metaphors like a poet, describing the way Alex Katz uses color as "the visual equivalent of humor or acting for a high comic." Inspiration struck! What if I got to talk to him?

To my surprise, he liked the idea. So here we are, driving through Brooklyn to meet an artist whose Army National Guard days made him a "student-ship action painter" whose abstract paintings "had lots of memory of houses you never actually lived in," according to her. "Incredibly idiosyncratic," and her work has been exhibited by MoMA and the Whitney. But when I searched her stuff out on Google, I was baffled by the odd shapes and musing colors. Can Salle help me see what I don't see?

Deep in Bushwick, where the snug little-eastern-giving-way-to-larger-here, we arrive at a nondescript industrial building. Four flights up, Shilman greets us at the door. She hangs her coat like her early entries, on my first impression as "her jeweled jewels." Then she unleashes an impish smile and starts talking about sex, death, terrorism, a three-hundred-pound Indian who can't know, and her attraction to African country and doing press-up at *Rolling Stone*. In her office, she pulls out pictures of a show she did in Paris where she hung her paintings on one side of the gallery and drew chaotic maps of the paintings on the opposite side, right on the wall, along with helpful captions to explain their meanings. It was a rite of passage, she says. "If you looked at the paintings," she says, "you couldn't read the explanations. If you looked at the explanations, you couldn't look at the paintings." I invite my first-time companion to join me round table, home-brewing 2000+ questions.

Salle leads us to his studio, a high-ceilinged space with a few chapter tables. The studio's white walls are covered with a mix of black and red palimpsests. Tucked up edge to edge, they harmonize and clash and seem to be chasing one another on the refs. For seven years Salle has been doing this way before, but Salle gets the point immediately. "You want the work to be about transformation," he says. "Not a painting by its return, but reached a point of stasis. So the signs of process and completion are in conflict."

Salle adds, "And that conflict is—?" "The engine that keeps moving the picture forward," Salle says.

In his book, Salle makes this rather mysterious comment: "Mimesis needs to build the truth will determine a lot." So I listen carefully as he walks around the studio, gesturing to a gate Salle has on her windows. "It

that taped off or is that part akondakondak? Is that ink or a colored pigment?" In front of a painting with two triangles, he runs his eyes across. "This is challenging," he says. "Red, pink, and grey, plus black, in the whole palette. Either of a high-risk color choice—it doesn't go, you reach critical reflux."

He pauses again in abstract painting, which features two black lines across a white core. Here and there, the colors bleed into shades of grey. "Thank you!" he says.

"I'm crystallized. What's so great about it?"

"Black white gray, gray white black." He says. "That sequence is sort of really about intervals in a certain rhythm. That's the kind of thing that helps create a painting's sense

of motion like the dangers of two hands joined together. It's just got everything."

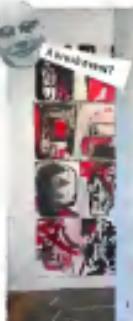
"A brush event?" I ask.

"It's just what's up." Salle starts putting words on paper next to the big canvases-paintings. "Like mother and daughter," she says. She believes the drawings can tell you how to look at the paintings.

Now she puts a large painting with four green horizontal lines over to the side with the two black lines. She's thinking of laying one on top of the other.

"One really tall vertical dipstick?" Salle says. "That's really dumb ballgame. Then you really have something kind of epic."

In a burst of enthusiasm, they stick me



painting on top of the other. Salle says I am what Salle means by rhythm. Now the green forms pull your eye up, and the off-center point where the paintings contact adds tension. It's like induced brothers and sisters simply that might fall at any moment. I had no idea you could change paintings so much just by moving them sideways."

"This is great," Salle says.

"Fuck, that's awesome," Salle says.

The longer we stay, the easier it is to ignore what passings-here will be. They all have a sense of force and confidence. When they work, the shapes and broad events and "sense" of colors hit you in a place beyond reason and measure. I'm also learning to appreciate the passing. Salle heads toward a giant that says up for showtime to conclude our night. The "now" including me shows us



Photograph: Amy Shilman

KILL THE
B---Y...





He's the face of television's most obsessed-over show. His hair alone has more fans than most actors. But as *Game of Thrones* enters its second-to-last season, **KIT HARINGTON** faces a dilemma: To enter the next phase of his career, must he leave Jon Snow behind? By Logan Hill

Kit Harington has hobbies—bads—in the brain. “I have to upgrade a new one every day,” he says. “I’m not joking. I’m serious.” Are you happy with how this looks? “I’m like, ‘It’s a fucking nightmare.’ He reaches for his leather camera strap, blanches, and loops out of the heart; he can’t find the lug. His eyes go wider; he beats them over like a fielding knifé and sticks his hand underneath his nose, then rights himself and walks around to inspect the heart behind us. His panic isn’t just from a fear of failure; it’s from the omega could make their top online and lead indecorous speakers. He finally finds the camera on a nearby chair, snarled against the wall. “Oh, thank fuck!” he says, the tension in his compact frame dissolving like helium from a balloon.

“*Thrones* nearly bankrupted my creativity, but I’m fine now,” he says as we sit between two of a very tightly coiled metal proscenium, a solidly seated, plasma-red. “Maybe I can reinvent myself and get away from an image that’s synonymous with *Thrones*,” he says. His voice trails off for a beat. “But maybe this was the role I’ve always meant to play and that’s it.”

The hour will soon disappear, along with, in 2015, the show that made Harington famous. But what will live on is the onscreen, tormented spirit of Jon Snow, the loveable hero he’s been played for the better part of a decade: the brooding bastard prince who’s lost everyone closest to him, who was pushed to death at the end of season five and then resurrected in season six, and who will confront the possible annihilation of every living thing in season seven.

Harington underscores that his last scene will be well-produced and brief—while the rest will have the chance to make it look. But time is running out. “Whether I’m staying whether I’m not to the last season,” he says, “is a big, delicate, videotaped request that HBO extended my contract at \$1.1 million per episode through the final thirteen episodes—seven this season, six in the next—we’re kind of trying to say goodbye to the show that year.” That means saying goodbye to Jon Snow, too.

Furthermore, Martin’s series was—and remains—unleaders. He’s published the

of seven planned books, the most recent coming out this month after the show began airing. Clearly behind schedule, Martin has stopped making promises about when we can expect the next installment. *Thrones*, then, was the rare adapted series without an ending.

The premiere show reportedly cost between \$5 million and \$10 million to make; at \$40 million, the first season was one of the most expensive in television history. Still, HBO’s bet did not pay off. *Thrones*’s nearly 2.2 million viewers watched the first episode, about half the number who tuned in on the first episode of *Bored to Death*, the network’s other spending saga of the class.

Wind of change and strong seasons helped that number grow. At the end of season five, in 2013, eight million viewers tuned in to see the show’s fifth finale. By the time he came back to life in season six, and with the introduction of HBO’s new streaming service, an average of 15.3 million to the U.S. were watching each episode. (An HBO rep couldn’t tally total global viewership but said *Thrones* airs in every country where American programming isn’t yet shown.) Along the way, the show became a cult, both venerable and edifying. As of this writing, *Thrones* has won the most Emmy Awards of any fictional series, with 110 nominations and thirty-eight wins. It also remains the most-praised show in the world, peaking at 4.4 million illegal downloads for the season finale in 2015.

Showrunners David Benioff and D.B. Weiss knew that the character played by the show’s most famous cast member, Sean Bean, would be killed off at the end of the last season, and that Jon Snow—a heroic, countercultural to *Thrones*’s craven vanity—would become the primary focus. Whether played by Bean or to a stand-by man as noble as could be, he could just as easily be recast as an edict: “Snow is a challenging part,” Martin told me. “In the books, when you’re as weak as he is, it’s hard to tell how what he’s thinking, but you can’t do that on TV. The actor has to tell the depth and subtlety and conflicts of his character.”

In retrospect,



the muchly appeal of *Game of Thrones* seems obvious. But when it debuted in 2011, the series wasn’t anyone’s blockbuster No.-bust gamble for HBO, a costly production with the scale and CGI of a Hollywood franchise. The novels involving Guy Gavriel Kay’s *A Song of Ice and Fire*, featuring with graphic sex, cannibalism and spectacles like violence juxtaposition, had had a decent run—too expensive, too provocative, and too complex for the screen, big or small. Unlike *Thrones*, the sagas, *Snow* doesn’t have a 149-chapter lead.

Furthermore, Martin’s series was—and remains—unleaders. He’s published the



"I'LL ENJOY THE MADNESS
QUIETING A BIT," HARINGTON SAYS.
"I'D LIKE A FEW YEARS
OF RELATIVE OBSCURITY."

When Harington was brought in to audition for the role in 2009, he'd already been an actor. He'd landed early one-profile managing gig of any kind, when he was recently one, as an rogue obsessed World War I soldier in the London production of *Blow*.
Blow, by Philip Larkins.

Success came easily to Harington though: he was cast in his first *Madness*. When he got the part, he was enrolled at the Royal Central School of Speech and Drama, whose alumni include Jack Dernie and Gert Lederman. He grew up confident in West London and then Wiltshireshire, listening to people talk about his looks a lot, more recently, his father—a business man and now businessman—“he’s got it,” the younger Harington seems unsurprised by his family's royal forbearance, who trace back to King Charles II, though he is proud of the ancestor who, in 1596, invented the flushing toilet. His mother, a former physiotherapist, encouraged his love of theater; both parents supported his career choices. “It’ll be more interesting if I fail,” he says. “I never knew my father and I was adopted by my mother,” he says. “But it was a very normal upbringing.”

Following an audition that he performed with a black eye—the result of a late-night brawl at a McDonald’s after a fellow patrol lost all of the season he was with—and two callbacks, Harington was called the role of Stannis. He accepted immediately. “I’ve been very fucking lucky,” he says.

For *Reeves* and Weiss, experience didn’t matter as much as presence. “He just had the look,” they say via email. “The brooding looks, the physical grace, the clip on the shoulder quality that we always associate with extremely sharp short people.” (Instagram is his favorite.)

The cast and crew grew close to one another, forming friendships that could at times crumble sibling rivalries. Harington pointedly beffed and Weiss more than once. He’d mail their photos and texts that his friend and costar Alfie Allen (*These Goony Goonies*) checked to gauge his reactions to me as “disgusting, threatening, and hilariously.” The showmen never gave it good in they got. One time, they shot Harington pages from a fake script in which Jon Snow’s face became disfigured by a fire, twice, they told him. “HBO was worried that his audience, outsider-handsome was going to turn Harry Potter,” in my opinion, he proclaims with the air of every bit of poison they give their show’s star, they share an equal amount of shade. “It takes real strength of character not to let have Kit Harington turn you into an asshole,” they write. “And in the past eight years, Kit has not taken a single step in that direction.”

Harington’s cutters are just as quick to sing praises as he is. Emilia Clarke (Danyerys Targaryen) “There’s a consistent desire of taking the piss out of his adorable face and staring god-like looks. His hair just takes over everything. His ridiculous handcrafted mug doesn’t come close to standing up to his man-hand.” Margaery Tyrell (Natalie Dormer) “There’s a change in the level of female lust in the room when Kit is there, which all the males find annoying and also queer.” Liam Cunningham (Davos Seaworth) “What an honest, down-to-earth, kind, and true son of a bitch.” The boxer even spills onto the show’s set-ups. After seeing him in a school corporal, one character says, “What kind of god would want to be a teacher that would?” *Reeves* and Weiss explain that this “there is to be some distance to being Kit Harington, right? It’s not only like ‘He’s handsome, talented, clever, and he’s the best’ but that it’s impossible not to like him. He’s kind. The one thing we can definitely do is characterize with a tiny portion.” *Reeves*’s reaction to all this: Rolling. “They’re all reprehensible.”

At the dawn of *Peak TV*, where streaming grandeur trumps a small but dedicated fan base, was supposed to be the future, and *Game*’s pop notoriety on the scale of *Lost* were supposed to be a burgeoning sprawl. *Thrones* proved that theory wrong. One instance of an enormous success in the dallying nature of that place it has inspired: “Slow Dance of *Thrones* Explains Brexit Politics.” “How *Game of Thrones* Explains Our World.” “It’s *Game of Thrones* Metaphor for the Spread of Infectious Diseases.” “Game of Thrones: A Metaphor for America.”

“*Thrones* is great to sit bar books and the show used to discuss everything from global warming to Donald Trump. “I think Joffrey is now the king in America,” *Reeves* said me, referring to *Thrones*’ auditive, power-and-brat. “And he’s grown up just as pretentious and attention-seeking as he was when he was thirteen in the books.” For his part, Harington would prefer not to weigh in on American politics. “I don’t care too much,” he says. He sounds like “knowing when Sean Penn decided to get involved in the Falklands. I like him. He has nothing to do with you, Sean Penn. Piss off.” Still, he cannot help himself. “Mr. Donald Trump—I wouldn’t call him President, I’d call him Maxine,” he says. “I think that man is at the head of your country in a sort of orbit.”

As *Thrones* enters its seventh season, its political relevance may only grow stronger. The head of a wealthy, aristocratic family sits on the throne. Refugees have immigrated through the kingdom’s border wall. From abroad, dragon and cheetahs are coming home to roost. Power plays are resulting around the site. Harington’s part-of-father, born again heart is strong. “*Thrones* can be used as a metaphor way

too much, but if there's one truth, I think, it's that people who really deserve power are the people who shouldn't have it," he says. "Maybe Jon's the one person who should have it, because he's not looking for it."

As Jon Snow's



power to the show has grown, as too has the shadow the character casts over Harington's future. "I'll try not to compare with *Thorin*," he says, shaking his head. "I'll be like 'Taron' a Marvel movie, or the next big show on *Astounding*, or another one in 100 years." Then he just坐着笑起来.

Harington isn't much of a geek. TV stars used to need Hollywood blockbuster to build lasting careers. Some make the move spectacularly (Kanye West's older brother KJ, Jimmie Fife after *25* Days of Christmas) while others, like *Friday Night Lights'* back-up Tug for Ranch, hasn't yet recovered from the one-two flop combo of *John Carter* and *Derren Brown*. The actor's life has long been a mix of one-off, full-of-sleeker links and low-budget bouts, cancellations and comebacks. Today, they must also confront the traction toward tomorrow: financing and global audiences, which have taken the very least notice of celebrity.

For now, however, Harington is revelling in another chapter that took over 2013 page by negotiating action of *Throne*. He returned to a handful of rewrites that played off his screen time reputation but failed to bag with his career 2012's lesser sequel *Game of Thrones*, 2013's record-breaking *Game of Thrones* and 2015's forgettable spy thriller *Agent X* and generic fantasy flick *Legend of Tarzan*. In the well-reviewed *World War II*, his final mission, *Statement of Death* (2018), opposite Alain Delon, he has given up the fight. "I'm bringing such inauthenticity to his roles?" Harington asks me. "And bad eyes?" Do you know he writes poetry?" His random answers allowed him to live a different set of anxiety muscles. Cognitive Andy Serkis in *HEROES*? It's all about trust, he says. "It's about being a double agent, in the manner of a *High Priest*." Last year, he returned to the London stage, in a compensated production of his namesake title Christopher Bell's *Marlowe's Doctor Faustus*. But Harington, something at the end of his beard, admits that he has no regret. "A few years back, I should have

sold. I want to do stories that may not be blockbuster but are interesting."

For his next film, Harington's playing loyality as the son of ex-con's brain tumor, eight-year-old Canadian infant toddler, Xavier Dolan, as the static character to *The Death and Life of John F. Donovan*, opposite Jérémie Renier and Noémie Merlant. Harington describes the role as "a famous television star who plays a heart-throb-type person." *Donovan*, who is gay, is created just as a pre-teen, played by Gleeson, seems sensible in his innocent correspondence with an older year-end fan-a-fan, the pair's wrenching parallelism a palpable. *Woolfwood* still is, too.

By taking a career risk such as this—an indie movie about a controversial subject—Harington is capitalising on his good fortune. He's a spokesman for indie culture. He'll be the face of Dolce & Gabbana's fragrance *The One for Men*. "At the moment, I don't have too much pressure on my shoulders," he says.

But personally, lucky streaks end. With Hollywood less predictable than ever, Harington is wise to leverage his natural nano-project projects. Like every star—Gwyneth, Cruise, DiCaprio, Pitt—he launched his own production company, *Thriller Filmz*, largely to develop better roles for himself. He quickly sold his first pic to *He and She* (cagey gal *Das Wirt*, partnered with veteran screenwriter Rosamund Pike). On *Gangster Squad*, a BBC miniseries about the Los Angeles Riot of 1992, a CAA exec conspiracy to blow up Parkinson and left it long, which is now rechristened with *Fireworks* on *Grey's Anatomy*. The release date hasn't yet been announced, but Harington will begin shooting after the wraps hit the hood next year at *Winter of the世*.

In addition to trying as an executive producer, Harington will play the plot's instigator, Robert Crowley, who, with turns out, is a distant ancestor. But the project's up and down so much the introduction ("I have no real personal feeling about this man," Harington says). "I can't claim that I'm doing something" (or is it the potential) for *protection*. "It's about a group of dislocated English rats who've been pushed out from society and persecuted, and who turn to extreme acts of terrorism. It's a story filled with the terrorist's strike, so why people might end up doing something like this—what would drive them?"

Whatever comes next, one thing's for sure: He's not showing awards. "I don't really want to get into that next big Oscar film," he says. "That's not really my route." He and West, who used to write "*Dashed and Dandified, Laurel and Hardy*"—style class in drama school, "right do a comedy next," Harington says,

Or he might not do much of anything. "I'd enjoy the audience queuing a bit," he says. "I'd like a few pairs of relative strangers." It's hard to know if he's tempering his expectations, helping his bets, or sprouting from the heart—or perhaps all three.

A few years of sharing flats around London with West, his writing partner, is a time for them both to nose in. They're going through what Harington cheekily calls a "conscious awakening": "She's going off with a girlfriend and I'm living with my girlfriend."

The girlfriend is Rose Leslie, who co-starred on *Throne* in Ygritte, the thorn-buried, first Wildling who temporarily took Brienne's virginity in season one's sex scene. And West performs, keeping the names. "You know nothing, Jon Snow! OH, OH! OH!" The phone, text message, texted madly cross-thread throughout the series, but this was the one that forced him into a name that has been GFP-ed, glued to the subject of a finale (Oliver Ford's "25 Things You Never Knew About *Game of Thrones*"), and adapted into a book titled *The Comprehensive Collection of *Things That Jon Snow Knows**. (The pages are bleed.)

These songs—the love for both actors—was shot in Belfast in 2012. Whether that was then *de facto* their date, he won't say. He has become so protective of his privacy that he won't even confirm how long they've been living together. He politely cuts off his phone. Leslie, "I think it's much like relationship as it is now and I can't speak for both of us, but yeah, we're very, very happy. So that's what I'll say about that."

Harington brings home *It's Reinvention* on the table, where dinner goes to his foliage-right hand. Our conversation is peppered with vibrations—text, calls—that demand attention, and Harington goes on. Finally, springing for the character, he explains. Now that he and Leslie have decided to move in together, part of this trip is to see if New York will be their home. They're coordinating with a real estate agent to look apartments in Manhattan this afternoon. He says he won't touch his phone, but he keeps glancing at it, averaging that he needs to take part this one call or another just instant. He quickly gets holding his cigarettes at instant. After one final call, he throws on his black wool coat, adjusts his baseball cap, and pushes open the door into the cold winds of New York's morning winter.

When I tell him bluntly before the story goes up press, he's in England, beginning the *Gangster Squad*. I ask about the boat boat, he tells me they didn't pull the trigger on a New York apartment. "I'm the most fickle person," he says. "Now I'm looking for a house in the English countryside, and next week it will be Florida. Never take my word on what the fuck I'm doing."

Top, left, and by Dan Hemmer; dress by Prada; jacket by Dior Homme; pants by Paul Smith.



"MAYBE I CAN
REINVENT MYSELF.
BUT MAYBE THIS WAS
THE ROLE I WAS ALWAYS MEANT
TO PLAY AND THAT WAS IT."



I drew mouth, toward Providence, and a little while later I was following Amy's directions, navigating her on those roads, thinking that they were wrong, and delusional, and also dirty and absurd, which made me crazy, but who cares. As I got closer, I thought of how many times that the lead of guy who did that kind of thing was really more elated. Turning dreams into selling bills, other words, I figured I could print enough laundry recycling cards to up close or stand a apartment with decent floors and structures in my pocket. People didn't do things you don't want to do.

We met last summer at a conference, a kind of art camp for adults, on a college campus by the sea, a place I'd barely heard of before going there to teach. She took a class in the studio next to mine and parked some big angles, we shared a break on the couches, discussed a few projects. She was a more measured than a free-spirited, thoughtful, and focused, wrapped up in her kids. She was reassured by her own parenting, and thought her characters were broken but she had the tools to fix them who pointed to her bat, the tyro who flitted with her in his fine robes. We exchanged mothers' names over coffee, and even did a reading on the pretty staircase, and talked about marriage, and stayed out late, and explored our rooms.

Wasn't that the whole point of the place? To take a break and clear your head? Everybody leaves a spot like it, a fatigued village turned tourist trap, with pornography and the Benji blouse Motel. And who really gave a fuck when two people did it in an art conference to some stringing human specimen? Real life was so noisy anyway, and I figured I'd never see her again, so on the late night we went back to her dorm room and peeled around.

When her conference ended, she started applying moves back and forth, just a few, the most common ones, and then she brought the Milesie file, and if that file has, maybe I'll love Robin. But then the didn't, and I didn't, to either. She came over in the fall, for an hour of serious hand holding and making out in a candlelit booth in New York City. Now it was spring, and I couldn't wait any longer, and mailed another letter to the city for the day, addressed to her house in Coatesville.

Over the winter, our texts mixed tons and resulted in a kind of ground-ground-holler-cooker recipe, the title of her myhouse the pants house and the dead burned-down herbaceous—but also her hopes, regrets, embarrassments, and lots of stories about the man she'd never seen. She told me she'd never taken anybody's sexual feelings in college, her father's old words, a speech earning a library Manager's smile directly to her ear. By the time the weather changed, the snow had worn off and our communications had hardened into something else, fizzed, crackled, what we had for breakfast, but also her strength for bulging and other name dropping tidbits of the \$80 per acre, the neighbor who bought 1,237, the food stampers who positioned a local river to get rid of some mangrove root.

Amy had married a teacher who made \$120 thousand a year. He funded the Petty candidates and didn't believe in climate change. She'd left a good career to stay home and raise their kids in style. Sometimes, when we walked down a road, she'd point her hands riding on her side, a something salient learned, although it hadn't always been that way. A world-class interiorist, he'd sold her a bill of goods. He had a charac-

ter heart, and is hospital in Latvia ensued after idea that always need cash. He was a soft touch on my midlife reflection, the Third World, the cobra pose. It had it's own logic, bishoots to the rescue, that kind of thing.

The mind of our culture had a way of leveling the disparity in our fortunes. I told her how much I bent to sleep harder on a piece of Legos, so she told me how much I bent to try over her son's EnerBones. We tried to pretend we level parallel lives. My daughter and Amy's younger girl, finally, began worrying about the case show that I'd link to with Bill not, that tangent would fly out, too. How many times did we make photos of adorable kids in pajamas or the bathtub, or end the night with a firefly words, "dying for you" or something, the legs we having, firework! How many nights did I lie in bed like a never-year-old boy from the past still being a child, imagining her over me, pressing myself flat, the sit strapped across my dick, putting a contact high from the waves of desire coming off me—either that or its panting gone, set a bone—but it was so real, I found myself while pressing, almost touching her, knowing myself out in the dark.

While I drove, I thought about Rob in, what she was doing, when I'd be driving at that hour if we're home. Beanie had his best cold, and Robin was covered in layers from a shiver.

I wrote for the usual struggle to stay as loose, keep it hot, keep it real, the hormones and chemicals, the afterglow of ejaculation, the light in her eyes, treating me like a comment, or maybe his a vision of some should've grueling orgasm she'd forgotten all worked music box.

First I say stick something in you. Then a thing grows inside your body, usually it's not a very nice, looking's kind of blossoming, it's not a natural pour baby, but still sucking on it makes you swoon, these different people trying and on you. Robins love had now. C-sections and I tell that they'll put her back together using the second time. A cold electric rugage not down her back, down her leg, while walking, sitting, standing, or lying down. It defined my core, pain killers, epidurals. For while the were a small black box on her back that also eliminated her ovaries.

Last previous Eli had bit my neck and fucked me up when we did it. After Kays, I worried about covering her in my pants, such our little age, I breaking down the ball, and lost focus and charged as Robins's partner was out of a friend's too fast or not fast enough and commented any selection. But sex was better than nothing, but because I effectively ended the bushes. Fuckless weeks, measured by penile, tested whimsically like. Like our afternoons, we weren't sure anymore what it was supposed to happen. And, with the exception of my tongue on her clitoris every who knows when, she didn't want to be touched—she had whenever for that, I think the easily thought of what I did as a step to sex buttress.

Our life hasn't been marked by depression, racism, or conflict as much as it had been marked by desolation, disillusion, a sense of how to. Miss us. Our children's vitality and innocence, their looks, shadowed one every day. Their lightness and willingness and spirit and spirituality surprised me, their resilience, their brightness took a world they couldn't understand, packed with the racing pool, speeding cars, bla-

M O N E Y

Y Seventeen years after his provocative and bitterly funny short-story collection, *Save the Cat*, Matthew Klem returns with his first novel, *Who Is Rock?*, the story of a married man plunging headlong into a midlife crisis, compulsively writing and pursuing a woman whose hedge-funder husband vacations with Dick Cheney.

AN EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT

I folded up my when we did it. After Kays, I worried about covering her in my pants, such our little age, I breaking down the ball, and lost focus and charged as Robins's partner was out of a friend's too fast or not fast enough and commented any selection. But sex was better than nothing, but because I effectively ended the bushes. Fuckless weeks, measured by penile, tested whimsically like. Like our afternoons, we weren't sure anymore what it was supposed to happen. And, with the exception of my tongue on her clitoris every who knows when, she didn't want to be touched—she had whenever for that, I think the easily thought of what I did as a step to sex buttress.

Our life hasn't been marked by depression, racism, or conflict as



ing men, hopped dogs, strung bears, heat, clutter, sugar, chipped doorknobs, mangled doorjambs, locks jammed on their heads, and constantly from every direction I hear guitars with twelve-course heads, ten times that night. Five hours later he gets, grabs a guitar, slings his pack, taking load, telling them how to think, where to wait, how to toast their own nipples, which ones to kill, where to leave. I was out for the blisters of a 1,000-mile bouldering extravaganza, mission of the simplicity of their cause. They faced the world because they had no choice. They were in poison in a new land. Baham and I stood by Eatin, to plan and formulate, to relax and guide them.

Possibly, if in the same track, running at the same speed, but not touching and having no way to touch. Parallel like people who went to bed without remembering to say goodnight or saying it without meaning it, or meaning it but saying it. I appreciated how few there were, especially when my wife would say that, she did so with her lips, pronouncing the word she did when she cracked at her causes. In this way she named my face last something more preferable.

Who this in-love to love it I was going to get! The closer I got, the more I wanted to destroy the things I loved. Something grew up in me, threatening, I had to defend it somehow.

I'd spent the winter engaging in dry-land, fitness, fitness, fitness or fitness, while flipping through credits in a secret folder and looking at selves of some beautiful women, briefly clutching a pencil in fancy resort in Zurich, or on the swings with her kids in the park, or modeling the necklace I'd sent her at Christmas.

At followed the map, the road wound serenely along railroads more railroad dinner leaders implored him to see through. The pace must have been a diet and sustenance meat before a field with a lone house or the middle wrapped in a blanket or cushioned, with more big houses in the distance that said to all who pass, "Get a load of this, you fucking albino!" I found the mailbox and pressed the button and drove through the gate, and was surprised at how bad the grass was, and swimming my dog I flushed up at the house, holy fuck, hideous shitholes, big cummings in trashy panels.

Any country connection, Michael Jackson's name had turned up on a fit of spatters of some economic summit, and in the board of a dozen companies, and in the founder of a free health clinic in Hoboken, and in the border of a certain school, or a string of them, mostly for profit, in tax-free public spaces. These quarters of the \$20 billion he managed came from large pension plans of state employees, Cape, fitness, teachers. He was up 25 percent in the first quarter of the year. He'd then appeared on TV financial news shows once a week, feeding off introducing equity, eating up by name think tank or investment that proved he'd created his own personal gains. Big! I understood his language but he was conveniently hotheaded, and I could imagine him not meeting his fluid in little ways. All had exchanged, growing in bustle, his growing headache, spending Christmas alone in a hotel in Latona, billowing dust at dinner.

I stretched, and was relieved to see he was home. She looked tall and grace and expensive, and as I entered the house it smelled like casseroles and new carpeting. Any led the way, as saying much. I hadn't tested her since the night before, since I hadn't been sure I could flip away. These had been the distinct possibility that I would chicken out, which left me feeling less relaxed and disgruntled. Her' s softness took that the risk is barely done, her qualities were there, and her young daughter had to be picked up at one. We'd have no less or less, but you, I'd said, please come.

The kitchen was clean and white, though it was yellow and it sat on the floor sweeping its tail. The ceilings were higher than high. In the space above our heads you could feel the moonless, tiger swallows. The clear blues, deeper blues, light blues, and solar colors were bright and explosive.

Sociedad had baked a casserole dish that me and me measured out, though it was good, though it was yellow and it sat on the floor sweeping its tail. The ceilings were higher than high. In the space above our heads you could feel the moonless, tiger swallows. The clear blues, deeper blues, light blues, and solar colors were bright and explosive.

Er, although I didn't know what someone was here; I wasn't sure what the hell day, however, the plainest contents and the messy stuff she cleaned to live for, evoking her son as the middle of the night, holding a raw house, standing as a pool all afternoon reading the girl's how to dress. What she did in the pool of housework and how it resonated what went on in my house. I never figured out. On this very day she had a list of things that needed her immediate attention: a flat out peasant-jar-pot speech had to be written to only the best constituency, the latch in town she couldn't manage with the sub-shit, the head of Godiva, and then she was taking her kids to the park. On those days, the natural is natural the other-slash programs they feed in to us. Send her to the hospital they'd be in. Microscopic and minute-type book. She also mentioned some sort of anxiety-type exercise about the Fed's monetary policy waterdog the older. All these, man, they'd grow somewhere in the Caribbean I'd never heard of. February she'd closed Chancery.

What was she? I thought. I thought three components, nervous and guilty I contemplated, and asked for some wine. She was the typical blonde a glass. A phone on the ledge showed a young Amy with lighter hair, wearing a purple blouse, her hair was worn, holding justly as a baby, standing behind the older girl, the beautiful blue-eyed Lily, and the husband, who looked slender, older, holding—beside an even sides, smiling. Well-known guy who I knew was his father. They were smiling at the folded out surface of some kind of wood. The husband was tall and dark, with a big head and bags under his eyes. The older man, upon further inspection, was unassuming yet commanding and good for the mate Dick Cheney.

"You know her?"

"She phoned in the phone. "Mike died a dead. We were friends. He used to call us places."

On the drive here I'd imagined an unkind ending of, which might've led to broken infancy, synopses, the house lighting candles in a hot tub. But now I felt enraged and struck my wrist.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. What do I owe you for the wine?"

From his hands shaking. Over her shoulder, Cheney held his pose. "I don't think when I can't stop shaking my phone. Do you do that?" I said yes. "We've supposed to keep that up forever?" Is there some thing else?

"Take what?"

"It's bad. We're bad." I couldn't understand the point of that kind of thing. "This whole thing. We're bad."

"They're sick. We're the good ones." The majority of my responses inclined to her. She put her hand on my shoulder as some kind of managing person. I know I was sick. I figured I should leave. Unfortunately, I lost my sense of how to return my steps.

It took a game that made everything go worse. It was as crazy as that piano song along, and as tiresome as a costume fair in the night, a fear of making and death by some guy's bird though while my child scratches her. The song's grandiose demands of coloring and rhyme conundrums, and make my solemn and paranoid. There was nothing I could do about the gods.

Again, I couldn't stop saying. My own ethical standards seemed small in comparison. She behaved in prayer and public service, a certain pretense, well, even consider the hellish herself from teaching nephews of her own sort. Her will to create a stampeding after-school environment for poor kids in Detroit, and worked of it day and night, using all that muscle she'd ripped down the bones of her vanity. She was down the hall. Half as big, I followed.

At the end of the hall had cleaned a desk, messy surfaces, and as we climbed I looked out a small window from her covered swimming pool, with walls of translucent storefront. I recognized the bars in the distance, a class, simple/light-and-dark furniture the Victorian glories of, no waste loads it, nothing at all her sight painting studio, where she made her goofy artwork.

Upstairs we passed a four-year-old's bed round the size of a blossoming alley, fresh flowered veranda. We passed a ladder and swing where a painted pony, a girl with feathered machinery and padded floor, an office—and finally entered a sunny room with high windows. Above her behind a rick paper folding screen she closed the door and closed it so that her face in my face was lost. I sit and wanted to leave. Had a sandwich and some cookies waiting for me in the car. The bed was on a wooden platform with a pine green slab underneath and gold tassels. It didn't look all that respect. They had a seat by the bed, like-as, and books on the nightstands. It was cruddy, though maybe I didn't give a shit.

Beyond this room was a master room with television and computer and wall of light reflecting the sun. There was a makeup mirror on a desk wreathed with jewelry and a smile in closet leaning with her clothes. On the couch were marionettes and a laptop, where, I imagined, she'd written all these emails. The adjoining bathroom had a floor made of smooth stones and an egg-shaped tub. Melancholy lingered in the air, her smell. I became kind of it there, that she had nobody else to talk on, her household was gap or autistic, a half of gods she'd sold to me that I was the son and could do what I wanted.

"I have twenty one ornaments," she said, blushing, with red eyes, all business. "Then I have bunches that I probably you can't even handle."

Something fell off the melody table and crunched. I fish myself out, bright, falling over. The match was too short. I had one hand up her sweater and one down her pants. Her hand grabbed back as she grabbed my wrist and said, "I feel ugly."

I fish up, too. The night before, we'd talked to remove this master voice. After it was arranged, I didn't sleep a week. I drove three hours with endless thoughts to have it go away.

"I'm not taking off my clothes," I said.

"We don't have to do anything," I said.

"We do we." She tightened her grip. "Every day, all day, you're the only thing I think about, the only person I want to talk to."

It was true that I'd never had that with Robin.

"She said, "I wanted someone who quotes me."

"But you got sick of it."

"But it keeps me to use same masturbation."

"Like we've been married, we're disease free."

We lay there, trying not to do that.

"Hey," I said. "What if we meet somewhere else?"

"How about less public?"

She never said a thought. "There something in Appalachia south?"

It had an added something near the Amish section in Wilkes-Barre. The longer we lay there, the more I felt, though I could afford the place, I'd have to get someone to cover. Our bodies layed stacked at Mel's straight P.M. conclusion. And I'd have to tip the Caribbean bell boy for residuals.

"Where's Charles for you," she said. "He doesn't give a shit. I've snatched it with him in the last sixteen days." I didn't want to talk about that. I had a bad fuck. "He's in Holland."

"Good for him."

"Would I could help you."

"Help me what?" I asked.

"I'd like to make someone for you."

"I do I can never yours, Appalachia." We were still having fun.

"I don't mean that. I didn't think you even cared about money." I didn't want her pity, or her thought that's what we were talking about, but as I lay there I thought about her, and mine, and had the sense that we'd begin kindly. Letting our way into a conversation that was not entirely contradictory to my interests. I said, "I live on sunshine and cash."

"She told me to shoot."

I saw on entering into a new type of contract, an arrangement bound on law that offered a dividend, a secret layer of protection.

I imagined it then as some sort of my number, engraved on the backs of my responsiveness to her needs, money I'd immediately get hooked on, which would open up new priorities and all sorts of stimulating conflicts, and eight kinds of pleasure to split our gratitude to money for motivation. I'd have to log when I carry on there, use more worldly necessity regarding my search for soliloquy, private party, and spiritual insight. I just stuck myself to that mid-sized hybrid, that balloon dollar sheet machine, each such thing I'd have with serrated teeth, assaulting, penetrating top严严, bursting its shiny probe inside me. Things would sour (continued on page 122)

SHE GRABBED MY HAND AND SHOVED IT DOWN FARTHER, DIRECTING THE OPERATION. SHE MADE A LOVELY NOISE.



time with pity and clowned at my pants and varied. I'm open. I guess I just exploded. It ought've been the best blow job at any life, except maybe a dog's go on long enough to count, like a professional ball-kid, where the judges need at least eight seconds for a qualified rule.

We gave up on the carpet and rolled onto the carpet. Her hair know, unknot, an old car chair, and her sweater was bunched up around it. Five minutes.

"I'm sorry devotions take, I'll pay you my respects." Amy was bigger and taller, but again inside I'd perfectly suit my needs. "Do you have a lot of cocaine?"

"Tic?"

"Do you have sex with them on the floor in your closet?"

"This is known as my dressing station."

"I leave all this fucking mess to see you."

"I'll be and when you go."

"The next?" she said. "Although it's nice to be with someone who doesn't set the fire wants to kill me every time I open my mouth." "You had could I say that?" "We'll have fun this summer."

"I guess."

"What does that mean?"

"I'm cheating," she said. "I'm lying and planning and scheming."

We lay there, trying not to do that.

"Hey," I said. "What if we meet somewhere else?"

"How about less public?"

She never said a thought. "There something in Appalachia south?"

It had an added something near the Amish section in Wilkes-Barre. The longer we lay there, the more I felt, though I could afford the place, I'd have to get someone to cover. Our bodies layed stacked at Mel's straight P.M. conclusion. And I'd have to tip the Caribbean bell boy for residuals.

"Where's Charles for you," she said. "He doesn't give a shit. I've snatched it with him in the last sixteen days." I didn't want to talk about that. I had a bad fuck. "He's in Holland."

"Good for him."

"Would I could help you."

"Help me what?" I asked.

"I'd like to make someone for you."

"I do I can never yours, Appalachia." We were still having fun.

"I don't mean that. I didn't think you even cared about money." I didn't want her pity, or her thought that's what we were talking about, but as I lay there I thought about her, and mine, and had the sense that we'd begin kindly. Letting our way into a conversation that was not entirely contradictory to my interests. I said, "I live on sunshine and cash."

"She told me to shoot."

I saw on entering into a new type of contract, an arrangement bound on law that offered a dividend, a secret layer of protection. I imagined it then as some sort of my number, engraved on the backs of my responsiveness to her needs, money I'd immediately get hooked on, which would open up new priorities and all sorts of stimulating conflicts, and eight kinds of pleasure to split our gratitude to money for motivation. I'd have to log when I carry on there, use more worldly necessity regarding my search for soliloquy, private party, and spiritual insight. I just stuck myself to that mid-sized hybrid, that balloon dollar sheet machine, each such thing I'd have with serrated teeth, assaulting, penetrating top严严, bursting its shiny probe inside me. Things would sour (continued on page 122)

As the FBI and Congress investigate whether President Trump and his team colluded with VLADIMIR PUTIN, one man has suddenly found himself at the center of the investigations: RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR SERGEY KISLYAK. No wonder everyone from Jeff Sessions to Jared Kushner has had a hard time remembering if they met with him. BUT WHO IS KISLYAK? AND WHAT DOES HE KNOW?

THE INCONVENIENT COMRADE

By Garrett M. GRAFF

In many embassies where I've worked in my country's foreign service, the goal of high society is the key to America's expand exponentially where friendships form, bonds strengthen, and deals get made. The U.S. ambassador holds lots of diplomatic functions and government officials, and the wife of the Kazakhstani ambassador is in the dry circle of well-connected powerful female power brokers. The British ambassador's massive residence, situated on Massachusetts Avenue next door to the vice president's mansion, is the setting of some of the city's most lavish parties. Meanwhile, the French ambassador—whose compound is located in the Kalorama neighborhood in a couple blocks from the new

Photo illustration by Jessie METZ

houses of both Barack Obama and Ivanka Trump—for years has hosted the very after-party for the White House Correspondents' Association dinner, a cavalcade that's made her one of the industry's social secretary's power girls herself.

The Russian embassy, for decades a hostile outpost in the heart of its enemy's capital, had long been shorn from such festivities. But on a warm May evening in 2016, Sergey Kislyak, the Russian ambassador, hosted a black-tie benefit for the Washington National Opera. Though Kislyak, whose well-tailored suits struggle to contain his substantial girth, had been ambassador for only two years, stamping the benefit as his coming-out party in Washington. The entertainment event—but it was half-kitschy show—taught construction crews two weeks to prepare and cost more than half a million dollars, a tab picked up by opera benefactor Juan Lehman. The result was an immediate reminder of Russia's erstwhile imperial glory.

Walking up the drive from Wisconsin Avenue, guests saw eight-story-tall statues of Soviet leader Joseph Stalin and the Red Army project onto the embassy. Inside the building—still a building throughout to the 1970s, when the Soviet Union was at the height of its power—an entrance had been remade into a winter wonderland, with snowflake-like crystals dangling from tree branches and fog machines giving the impression of drifts of snow throughout.

Upstairs, four ornate rooms concentrated the scholastic heart of Russia's history and culture. In one room, dedicated to the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, Russian troops saluted in three hundred full-size可憐的 Rublev eggs, which had been designed by Svetlana Weintraub, one of the world's most famous cake makers. In an adjacent room, eight-feet-tall, thousand-pound-porcelain sculptures adorned an arrangement honing that Peter I, the father of the Russian state. They were surrounded by stacked, chilled pepper vodka, and a seemingly

endless supply of Captain Beefheart Displays orchestrated the sprawling Winter Olympics of vodka, while human nutcrackers and amazons from the Bolshoi and Mariinsky operas performed more than she had ever heard inside the glass, including Supreme Court Chief Justice John Roberts, Homeland Security Secretary Janet Napolitano, and Senators Patrick Leahy and Bob Menendez.



The circumstantial evidence that Russia established UNCOMMONLY CLOSE contact with the Trump campaign appears damning

For many six year olds now a porch in Washington, Kislyak's connection with the Trump campaign had begun to concern Russia's one true political power, Vladimir Putin. When corruption was at the height of its power—an entry had been remade into a winter wonderland, with snowflake-like crystals dangling from tree branches and fog machines giving the impression of drifts of snow throughout.

Though Trump and his associates have repeatedly denied colluding with Russia, the circumstantial evidence of almost nearly clear contact appears damning. In April of last year, at the Mayflower hotel in Washington, Kislyak was longitude with Trump before the campaign gave a speech that had been shared in part by Michael Flynn, Trump's top advisor in D.C. That same month, Senator Jeff Sessions—now Trump's attorney general—spoke with Kislyak on the networks of the Republican National Convention. And just a pair of days later, Carter Page and J.D. Gordon, the latter of whom advocated for the

party under a pro-Russia platform on Ukraine. Two days after Sessions and Kislyak met, WikiLeaks published its first batch of emails stolen from the servers of the Democratic National Committee.

In September, James Clapper, the Director of National Intelligence, publicly suggested Russia might be actively meddling in the election. But even this acknowledgment did not check the Trump campaign's apparent Rayleigh East, Flynn's old colleague in D.C. That's more than likely, Senator Jeff Sessions—now Trump's attorney general—spoke with Kislyak on the networks of the Republican National Convention. And just a pair of days later, Carter Page and J.D. Gordon, the latter of whom advocated for the

phone calls between Kislyak and Michael Flynn, the round greenish stones, though had reflected as his cardinal security adviser. Those calls, intercepted by U.S. Intelligence officials, followed sweeping sanctions that the Obama administration had imposed in response to the hacking campaign. The existence of the conversations was linked to the press after Flynn, out of character, announced that he wouldn't meet the U.S. ambassador with further escalation. (In February, when it became clear that Flynn had not told Peter the truth about the cables, Flynn resigned as national security adviser.)

In December, Kislyak also met with Jared Kushner at Trump Tower, and later he arranged a meeting between Kushner and Sergey Kislyak, a Putin ally and a graduate of Russia's intelligence academy. Gordon now breeds Russia's development bank, which has been overseen by the U.S. government since 2014 and is itself an armament owned from Trump.

Kislyak's reported meetings

have left the press to speculate on him as a moderate Russia, the man who oversees every thread of the eleven-dimensional Russian conspiracy. Yet this point baffles the U.S. diplomats who have worked with the ambassador for the better part of forty years. Sure, the man they knew in Sergey has been a fierce advocate for his country's place in the world, someone who longs to see Russia realize its super power status. But many of those familiar with Russia's still familiar to this country have a lived life believing that Kislyak was an active spy. It turns out that he really was the man in the middle of a grand conspiracy, though they say, that fact alone will not necessarily prove that the relationship between Russia and the Trump campaign was state sponsored than engineered.

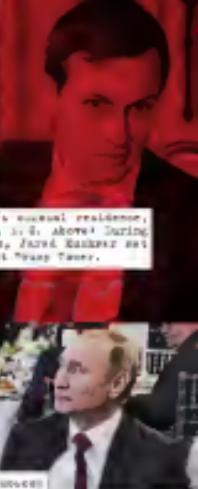
Not surprisingly, Kislyak prefers to be painted by his opponents as the villain of a political drama, who held sway over Soviet foreign affairs for more than half of the cold war, so bring more experts in the front lines of trans-national negotiations. Though he was only the U.S.'s ambassador prior to the U.S. since the fall of the Soviet Union, his appointment in September 2014 went almost unnoticed, as Russia was the night of former headlines about the financial crisis. He presented his

resignation to George W. Bush the day after the government stepped in to rescue the banking system of finance giant AIG.

Russia wasn't a surprising choice for the post, but he is an astute Russian diplomat. Though many of his colleagues at the foreign service attended the Moscow State Institute of International Relations, Kislyak, recruited especially for his powerful intellect, had started as a nuclear scientist at the prestigious National Research Nuclear University in 1977, when he was just ten years old. He joined the foreign ministry as part of an effort by Andrey Gromyko, the legend diplomatic who held sway over Soviet foreign affairs for more than half of the cold war, so bring more experts in the front lines of trans-national negotiations. According to E. Wayne Merry, a longtime U.S. diplomat who helped negotiate Kislyak's departure, "That's like being recruited into the State Department by Harry Truman."



Michael Flynn, seen here with Peter in August 2015, spoke with Kislyak in December.



Michael Flynn's residence in Washington, D.C. Above: During the transition, Jared Kushner met with Kislyak at Trump Tower.



Four years after joining the foreign ministry, Relyak was dispatched to the UN Mission in New York, where he witnessed one of the darkest chapters of the cold war. Fugitives were, by the early 1980s, seen as a real possibility often between the two superpowers, including a 1983 NATO exercise, code-named Able Archer, that nearly launched a nuclear conflict by accident. "When I came here in 1982, it was the peak of the cold war," Relyak recalled in New York years later. "The relations between the Soviet Union at the time and the United States were very difficult, very tense, and very suspicious."

After the Soviet Union collapsed, Koloski found an import-export career elusive. He was 388 percent Ukrainian, and by 1995 many of his Soviet colleagues were returning to their homelands. The newly independent Ukraine, though remnant of Russia, "felt fundamentally better than Ukraine and Russia are one people," Murray says. "I don't think they really believe in independent Ukraine."

To help him get a grip on his new life, Koloski turned to his mother's family, which had emigrated to the United States in the early 1900s. His great-grandfather, Yakiv Lukyanchuk, had immigrated to the United States in 1905, and his mother's mother, Anna Lukyanchuk, had immigrated to the United States in 1912. Both had come from the same small village in western Ukraine.

To avoid such an impression of split loyalties, Trotsky had to present himself as more Russian than a Jew. During the 1930s, he became a committed Stalinist.

Pressed about the wounded Russian psyche, Kislyak let loose with a blunt assessment. "IT'S BECAUSE WE LOST," he thundered.

2000s. Although another fellow passenger faced another similar case, who left the Russian government and ended up in Washington think tank, so why not? Fortunately Shlyakh kindly spoke with *PRI*. “It’s tragic to me and our team that this fine group chose to leave this disgusting regime,” he told me. “We believe of those oligarchs who left, they have no longer nothing else to do. They can never be the fresh air and as a result, you may think that’s their option. But since you’ve got there, in our world you have there—no cover back, that’s probably one reason we leave, the exposure is in his vision. ‘It’s not my position and my soul.’ These things went to my colleagues and many friends. And then they feel, come to us to the office, bring book and say ‘I’m here’.”

skup's office did not respond to multiple interview requests, but he is quoted here as describing the former Soviet Union "a wonderful country." An entrepreneur during his 10 years, he is best known for his work to explore the future of his country's energy source, which could move anywhere, Gerasimov said. "Belarus," he told a group of college students in 1994, a few months after the nation of Crimea, "we didn't know who we all were one day. We all spoke the same language, we were all 'Russians,' but our country, for Russia's future glory in connection with its country's tense diplomatic ties, which were highly prepared by those who were at age for conservatism. That power—with Pankin, the former KGB officer, at its head—continued to see the United States as a geopolitical global adversary, that disappeared Russia during the 1990s and was no longer the country's current leader, Yeltsin, who had been deposed. Lukashik has come and gone many times over the last four years, but the U.S. builds external systems and alliances in Belarus' interests. "We

“We’re not perfect,” says Rasmussen, “but we’re getting there.” He has said he’d like to “get back to square one” quickly to resolve the group’s chronic divisions. “He’s very清楚 what needs to be done where our ideals don’t match our actions,” says Rasmussen, who helped organize an April 2001 meeting of R-U dialogue groups. R-Kofsky has been a regular participant. He particularly likes the idea that the United States “values and respects freedom” over those of other cultures. “It’s important, for instance, at the annual festival of declaiming for ‘the leader of the free world,’” says Rasmussen. “It’s important, like many other countries—the difference is, we are not trying to assert our superiority on you.” Rasmussen, he says, “believes the United States has the ability to assert leadership in areas of democracy and entrepreneurship.”

“Russia’s delegates are not my priority,” he said. “I am also quick to needle [Russia’s] grand claim of ‘victims.’” He’s very clear about what our friends don’t say, he says. “We’re not ‘our own words,’” says Brady. “People who belong to us—such as [U.S.] soldiers in [U.S.-led] Russia’s U.S. dialogue is like Kadhafi has a regular chapter. His particularly ultra-right wing views are at odds with the likes that others have, but there are some overlaps, too. For instance, at the moment [he] is declaring his support for ‘leader of the free world.’” As Brady says it, Kadhafi is everywhere, like many or somewhere—the difference is we are not trying to encourage entrepreneurs on your principles, he has said. “Indeed, the United States has lost the race to establish leadership in our region and elsewhere.”

not her diplomatic style, she suggested that she was too much of a "woman" to be successful in politics. But she had been born with a strong will and a desire to succeed. She had learned from her mother that she could not be beaten. She had also learned that she must be persistent and determined to achieve her goals. She had a strong sense of justice and a desire to help others. She had a natural ability to communicate with people and to inspire them. She had a strong work ethic and a desire to succeed. She had a strong sense of self-worth and a desire to be successful. She had a strong sense of purpose and a desire to make a difference in the world.

most of his tenure, Bascom had but appeared only rarely at public events, except with a cohort of his colleagues, usually, say, or a gathering of the Massai and Iganga, or a celebration at his residence for the Choral Arts Society which he told me he was away than attended choral requiems.

Bascom regularly monitored the embassy's financial budget, big budget. Bascom was a member of Roosevelt's emergency World War II

He has a sufficient education

that has been his usual residence, a grand four-story mansion near the Hague that was once the most expensive private building in the city.

Though he tends to withdraw from social life to host intimate meetings with people who work at Research, usually—and hypocritically—at D.C.—without other scholars present, he begins with specific inquiries and reception rituals, followed with paintings of a historical landscape.

While Maljak has few traditional ties in Washington, he enjoyed a close relationship with Raybin, a career American-ambassadorial who was his counterpart in Moscow.

During the first four years of Obama's administration, we moved in pain over Syria, vacillating, with vulgar Russian interference in sight.

Thomann Jacket (\$175)
shirt (\$475) trousers (\$135)
ear buds (\$200) by Razer
Bluetooth speaker (\$125)
(\$125) by Braven+Oscell,
shorts (\$105) socks (\$10)
(\$100) by Brixton+Polo
(\$100) by These Boots
ink by Paul Smith



PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BEAU GREALY

HANG IN

WE KNOW, WE KNOW...
THE SEDATE BEIGES OF SUMMER
CAN PUT US TO
SLEEP SOMETIMES, TOO.
So LIVE a LITTLE!

THERE, DUDE!

Lakeith STANFIELD,
THE BREAKOUT STAR
OF ATLANTA, SHOWS OFF THE
BOLD STRIPES, POPPING
PATTERNS, AND SUPER-SKINNY
CHECKS THAT PROVE A
TAILORED WARDROBE
DOESN'T HAVE TO
BE DEADLY BORING.

WRITTEN BY
MATTHEW MARSEN



Last December at the Critic's Choice Awards, Atlanta star Lakeith Stanfield had a moment. As one of Silicon Valley's most irreverent sketch comedians, he had just finished his set. "I want to thank everybody for the night in this way," Stanfield said, while Silicon Valley's co-creator-musician producer stood watching. "We worked very hard on Silicon Valley, and here we are. Thank you." The crowd laughed as he left the stage. "He's gonna f***in' zone," he postured. Facebook was ready.

I measured the incident with a preposterous pride, but Stanfield says the truth was much stronger. "I think I was very honored getting to be a part of that night."

Billy was announced as first choice to replace the sketch. "I want to thank everybody for the night in this way," Stanfield said, while Silicon Valley's co-creator-musician producer stood watching. "We worked very hard on Silicon Valley, and here we are. Thank you." The crowd laughed as he left the stage. "He's gonna f***in' zone," he postured. Facebook was ready.

"Just come onto the stage," "What's happening just happened to me. A smile like my countenance," he repeats. "Something I know. I was being moved by because that I didn't understand." Even so, he was being moved by other forces. Billy's parents moved out of Stanfield's dad, and he won't have to play video games. He assures me I shouldn't worry about what he'll keep. "I respect my own interests."

"What's going on?" That year the band New Found Glory from California also Internet Empire is on a streaming site. Two months after the events above, as appears in the fantastic, unutterably bleak film Get Out, Jordan Peele, Stanfield follows that up with



**-HE'S SO COOL,"
JORDAN PEELE
SAYS OF
STANFIELD,
"IT'S KIND OF
INNOVATING."**

four other movies. Brad Pitt's acclaimed action film Mother! just opened. The incomparable Jennifer Jones, whom now with Jennifer Williams, death looks, a five-o'clock shadow and Crown Heights, reaches us perhaps a surprisingly uninterested teenager. The Beatles' range. In Stanfield's first feature, *Silicon Valley*, he played an egotistic, hair-unintended leader of a group home-for-troubled teens. The film was a large

part of the reason writer-director Jordan Peele got tapped to be *Get Out*. "He is a very intense guy, and a guy who wants to reinvent every movie ever and does it," Peele tells me. "But he can really feel it in the moment and make anyone instant music based on that feeling—he is a director's dream." Peele gives the man himself a glowing review as well. "He's an excellent kind of filmmaker," he says. "He's magnetic. Because of that, I kind of feel like he can really fail."

As director and then on *Lodge*, the writer-musician has been surprisingly implicated with Jordan's body. Stanfield discovered the shaggy difference that separates Get Out from *Lodge*. *Lodge*, he says, was like a "t" service where he had to break down a lot—*a* description of the role that looks at once accurate and totally horrifying.

Stanfield tries to shrug off physicality and violence as he describes *Lodge* as an "affectionate" satire where he plays body strengtheners for comedy, not horror. "I thought Stanfield's experience was such a cool reference for that he's like that," Stanfield says. It was his directorial mother. Despite not at all being a sexually oriented observer, Stanfield felt no shame in giving up smoking weed a couple years ago. "It's just like high 20s," the actor says. "Also, he ate nothing." He can be coy though.

When you're this fit, Stanfield, too. Who's this not eating a plough-in diet, games? He's playing with long-term members of his cult. Stanfield, however, is the diva. Me, too. "Yeah, it's interesting because there are a few people who are as talented as him, but physically can't act," Stanley says.

Stanfield, who seems sanguine about moral charge, has this view. An example: His February after *Attack the Block* (he credits *Attack* with 10% to *Get Out*) is performing now *Blame* Tommies with a negative review. *Blame* didn't gather bets out of Texas. "Well, if not all of his reviews ring true to be reading in nature," he tells me.

The other super-fan eager to get back to the subject of *Get Out* is David Attenborough. "I think Attenborough is great," he says. "Not a great show, but just fantastically good. And he's a great animal on the television. You know, there's a young Machiavelli in the title to *Get Out* in the nothing." I can do more than that. I thought I could do better. I trust that Jordan, too, because it still matters. And I get why he might be nervous. That is all responsibility for breaking. Because nothing lets you catch up and forget it. But I suspect a guy of his talents will be okay. Besides, he says, "I might have *Get Out* on repeat deal." *Locating*? Which is the only one he probably needs.

—Ryan Abrahams



TOP FROM LEFT: (1) JORDAN PEELE, DIRECTOR; (2) JORDAN PEELE; (3) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (4) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (5) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (6) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (7) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (8) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (9) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (10) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (11) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (12) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (13) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (14) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (15) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (16) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (17) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (18) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (19) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (20) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (21) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (22) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (23) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (24) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (25) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (26) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (27) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (28) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (29) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (30) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (31) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (32) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (33) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (34) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (35) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (36) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (37) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (38) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (39) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (40) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (41) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (42) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (43) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (44) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (45) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (46) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (47) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (48) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (49) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (50) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (51) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (52) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (53) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (54) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (55) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (56) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (57) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (58) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (59) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (60) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (61) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (62) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (63) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (64) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (65) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (66) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (67) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (68) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (69) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (70) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (71) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (72) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (73) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (74) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (75) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (76) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (77) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (78) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (79) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (80) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (81) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (82) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (83) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (84) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (85) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (86) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (87) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (88) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (89) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (90) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (91) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (92) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (93) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (94) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (95) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (96) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (97) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (98) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (99) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (100) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (101) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (102) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (103) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (104) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (105) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (106) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (107) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (108) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (109) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (110) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (111) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (112) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (113) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (114) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (115) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (116) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (117) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (118) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (119) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (120) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (121) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (122) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (123) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (124) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (125) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (126) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (127) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (128) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (129) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (130) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (131) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (132) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (133) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (134) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (135) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (136) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (137) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (138) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (139) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (140) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (141) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (142) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (143) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (144) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (145) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (146) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (147) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (148) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (149) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (150) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (151) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (152) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (153) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (154) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (155) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (156) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (157) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (158) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (159) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (160) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (161) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (162) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (163) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (164) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (165) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (166) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (167) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (168) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (169) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (170) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (171) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (172) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (173) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (174) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (175) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (176) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (177) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (178) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (179) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (180) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (181) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (182) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (183) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (184) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (185) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (186) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (187) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (188) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (189) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (190) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (191) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (192) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (193) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (194) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (195) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (196) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (197) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (198) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (199) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (200) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (201) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (202) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (203) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (204) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (205) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (206) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (207) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (208) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (209) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (210) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (211) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (212) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (213) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (214) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (215) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (216) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (217) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (218) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (219) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (220) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (221) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (222) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (223) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (224) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (225) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (226) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (227) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (228) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (229) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (230) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (231) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (232) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (233) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (234) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (235) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (236) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (237) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (238) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (239) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (240) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (241) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (242) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (243) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (244) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (245) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (246) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (247) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (248) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (249) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (250) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (251) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (252) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (253) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (254) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (255) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (256) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (257) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (258) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (259) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (260) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (261) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (262) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (263) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (264) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (265) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (266) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (267) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (268) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (269) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (270) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (271) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (272) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (273) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (274) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (275) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (276) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (277) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (278) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (279) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (280) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (281) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (282) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (283) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (284) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (285) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (286) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (287) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (288) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (289) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (290) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (291) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (292) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (293) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (294) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (295) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (296) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (297) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (298) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (299) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (300) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (301) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (302) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (303) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (304) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (305) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (306) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (307) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (308) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (309) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (310) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (311) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (312) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (313) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (314) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (315) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (316) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (317) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (318) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (319) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (320) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (321) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (322) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (323) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (324) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (325) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (326) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (327) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (328) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (329) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (330) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (331) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (332) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (333) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (334) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (335) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (336) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (337) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (338) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (339) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (340) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (341) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (342) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (343) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (344) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (345) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (346) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (347) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (348) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (349) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (350) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (351) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (352) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (353) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (354) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (355) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (356) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (357) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (358) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (359) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (360) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (361) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (362) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (363) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (364) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (365) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (366) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (367) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (368) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (369) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (370) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (371) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (372) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (373) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (374) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (375) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (376) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (377) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (378) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (379) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (380) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (381) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (382) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (383) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (384) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (385) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (386) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (387) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (388) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (389) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (390) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (391) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (392) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (393) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (394) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (395) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (396) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (397) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (398) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (399) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (400) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (401) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (402) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (403) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (404) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (405) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (406) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (407) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (408) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (409) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (410) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (411) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (412) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (413) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (414) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (415) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (416) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (417) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (418) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (419) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (420) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (421) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (422) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (423) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (424) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (425) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (426) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (427) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (428) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (429) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (430) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (431) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (432) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (433) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (434) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (435) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (436) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (437) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (438) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (439) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (440) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (441) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (442) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (443) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (444) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (445) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (446) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (447) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (448) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (449) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (450) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (451) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (452) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (453) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (454) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (455) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (456) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (457) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (458) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (459) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (460) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (461) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (462) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (463) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (464) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (465) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (466) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (467) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (468) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (469) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (470) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (471) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (472) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (473) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (474) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (475) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (476) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (477) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (478) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (479) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (480) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (481) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (482) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (483) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (484) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (485) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (486) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (487) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (488) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (489) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (490) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (491) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (492) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (493) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (494) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (495) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (496) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (497) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (498) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (499) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (500) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (501) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (502) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (503) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (504) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (505) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (506) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (507) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (508) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (509) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (510) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (511) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (512) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (513) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (514) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (515) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (516) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (517) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (518) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (519) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (520) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (521) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (522) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (523) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (524) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (525) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (526) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (527) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (528) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (529) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (530) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (531) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (532) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (533) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (534) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (535) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (536) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (537) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (538) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (539) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (540) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (541) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (542) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (543) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (544) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (545) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (546) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (547) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (548) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (549) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (550) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (551) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (552) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (553) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (554) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (555) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (556) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (557) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (558) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (559) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (560) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (561) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (562) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (563) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (564) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (565) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (566) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (567) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (568) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (569) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (570) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (571) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (572) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (573) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (574) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (575) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (576) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (577) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (578) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (579) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (580) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (581) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (582) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (583) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (584) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (585) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (586) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (587) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (588) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (589) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (590) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (591) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (592) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (593) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (594) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (595) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (596) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (597) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (598) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (599) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (600) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (601) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (602) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (603) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (604) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (605) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (606) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (607) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (608) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (609) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (610) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (611) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (612) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (613) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (614) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (615) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (616) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (617) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (618) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (619) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (620) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (621) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (622) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (623) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (624) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (625) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (626) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (627) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (628) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (629) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (630) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (631) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (632) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (633) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (634) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (635) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (636) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (637) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (638) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (639) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (640) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (641) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (642) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (643) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (644) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (645) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (646) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (647) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (648) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (649) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (650) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (651) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (652) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (653) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (654) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (655) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (656) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (657) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (658) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (659) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (660) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (661) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (662) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (663) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (664) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (665) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (666) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (667) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (668) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (669) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (670) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (671) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (672) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (673) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (674) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (675) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (676) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (677) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (678) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (679) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (680) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (681) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (682) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (683) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (684) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (685) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (686) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (687) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (688) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (689) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (690) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (691) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (692) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (693) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (694) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (695) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (696) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (697) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (698) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (699) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (700) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (701) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (702) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (703) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (704) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (705) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (706) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (707) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (708) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (709) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (710) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (711) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (712) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (713) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (714) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (715) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (716) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (717) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (718) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (719) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (720) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (721) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (722) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (723) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (724) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (725) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (726) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (727) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (728) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (729) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (730) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (731) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (732) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (733) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (734) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (735) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (736) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (737) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (738) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (739) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (740) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (741) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (742) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (743) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (744) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (745) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (746) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (747) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (748) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (749) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (750) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (751) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (752) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (753) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (754) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (755) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (756) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (757) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (758) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (759) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (760) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (761) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (762) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (763) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (764) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (765) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (766) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (767) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (768) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (769) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (770) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (771) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (772) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (773) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (774) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (775) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (776) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (777) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (778) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (779) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (780) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (781) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (782) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (783) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (784) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (785) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (786) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (787) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (788) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (789) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (790) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (791) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (792) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (793) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (794) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (795) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (796) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (797) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (798) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (799) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (800) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (801) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (802) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (803) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (804) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (805) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (806) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (807) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (808) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (809) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (810) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (811) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (812) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (813) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (814) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (815) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (816) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (817) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (818) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (819) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (820) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (821) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (822) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (823) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (824) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (825) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (826) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (827) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (828) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (829) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (830) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (831) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (832) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (833) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (834) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (835) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (836) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (837) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (838) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (839) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (840) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (841) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (842) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (843) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (844) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (845) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (846) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (847) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (848) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (849) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (850) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (851) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (852) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (853) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (854) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (855) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (856) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (857) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (858) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (859) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (860) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (861) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (862) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (863) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (864) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (865) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (866) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (867) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (868) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (869) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (870) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (871) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (872) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (873) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (874) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (875) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (876) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (877) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (878) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (879) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (880) LAKEITH STANFIELD; (881) LAKEITH STANFIELD;



This page: Jacket (part of suit)
\$3,070 by Versace, via
25405 by WestBerk, trousers
\$2950 and shoes \$2050
by Gucci, via WestBerk
\$2,000 and trousers \$1700
by Salvatore Ferragamo
shoes \$300 by Louis Vuitton
\$2,150 by Gucci belt \$1800
\$200 by Paul Smith sunglasses
\$2200 by Oliver Peoples

© 2007 GQ Media, Inc. All rights reserved.



A novelist takes on his critics

Perilous Business.

By Richard Ford

— I remember very well the first *Sunday New York Times* review of a book I'd written, 1978. I was thirty-two. The review was brief and tame; it ended toward the back of the magazine. Larry McMurtry, its writer, I'd say admiring and would've given me an excuse to love my book, gave it instead a curt dismissal, adorned with a few acid-cene retorts that found a path to my soft, yearning brain. My editor, a generous-spirited, widely revered woman named Frances McCubrough—who'd taken a chance on my "bleak" novel!—left it her duty to read the entire manuscript to me over the telephone, New York to Princeton. I can't make myself read the review now and quote it here. There are limits to self-indulgence. Suffice it to say I was shaken by hearing McMurtry's thoughts about my book. I'd never experienced anything quite like this. Here, even before my novel could take its first steps into the world and have its chance to delight millions of readers, an enormous disillusion had left his pen and taken his precious time to say so on that world. "Nenni! Don't bother with that one. Keep writing!"

When I'd heard the whole review and mulled Fred's attempt at consolation, I remember walking into the next room, where my mother was sitting, reading *Correspondence*. My mother looked up at me and said, "Richard, my goodness, what's wrong? You look positively ill."

"Mother, maybe it's a good idea," I said. "If you pack your bags now and go back to Little Rock, I'm going to be in a very bad mood for a long time." *Keep writing!*

Whichever shit did just that: I don't remember if we even discussed what had happened or if we never did. Although I say I went to my bed instead for a long time to *perpetuate* my illness.

— Thinking and writing about book reviews at all is, of course, misplaced business for a novelist, save to do no reparation to the *disposition* aside from where it should be weighted—as far as

writing great novels—and emphasis instead what happens to my books, and how I experience my life, once I've left my control.

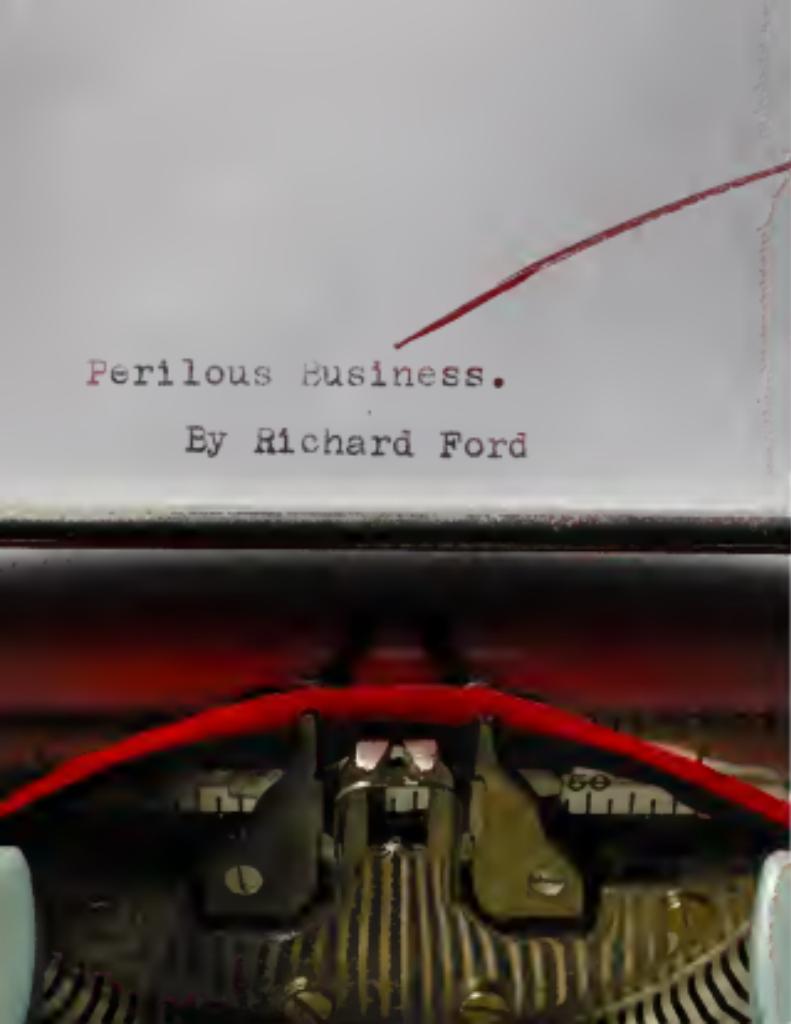
Samuel Johnson probably had the best idea when he said of *Catullus*, "I consider it beneath me with regard to quantity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise." *Steady diffuse.*

Very you/have now passed since that first critical outing. I've written a dozen more books, all of which have undergone "the reviewing process." Some have been celebrated, one or two overpraised, and a few have been condemned by "the critics." And I still admit that I'm three-strikes-out about adverse notices. *The third-strike. Possibly a summons.*

For decades after the McMurtry review I maintained a scathing, unswallowing grudge against him. I imagined about elevator doors opening and there facing each other would be Larry and me—that winter, country cousins—and me with a full head of *sassiness* up. It never happened. It was never clear why I thought he'd ever be there or what I'd do to him.

I thought the same about James Wileman, who'd once given me and entire a serious reading in *Plenty Free* and others. I likewise hoped in unconscious coveting behind the glazing. One door, unswallowing Mattango, with a fiddly white shirt stuck on a gold link belt at his waist. Lemurian. I've yet to have that chance...so far. Other reviewers and scholars or not, living in my dreams. Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, James Atlas, the spiky and contemptible Jonathan Yardley, Vivian Gornick, and, of course, the *Times*'s vitriolic Michael Krasny, who liked a few of my books but others not so much.

I know. It's fair to say that I exaggerate the ill effects of a bad review—renders literary publishers sick and for looking in their lenses big ticket prices, reviews, future book advances drying up. (Literary people who write fiction has had the experience of someone going to a movie, leering second cousin) saying he or she's just read a "great review" of your book, only to come to find out it was a con-



plete loss mailing. Plenty of other people will say that a well-placed bad review is as good as a positive one. This is the direct-exp school, in which all publicity is good publicity. It's not.

When I last visited my son back in 1989, my pal Robert Stine—long since departed from his chair—had just published "Mystic's Rift," he informed me, as I'd just displayed a blag spot on my palms. We knew where we stood. Recently, a highly placed official in a semi-presidential reviewing regime responded to me, however, that he very much appreciated my consistently salutary views on the gift, go and shoulder. He scored big points. What was to say that while book reviewers may rarely be all that a load of crap and not too available to both writer and reader? But a bad review sure doesn't feel overshadowable—when you get one. Randall Jarrell justified that you need to make sure your work reflects the right people. But he wasn't a great poet, and he did well enough of his writing—poorly justified 2-3 book reviews. The only step I can take is to have review of my book in a personally, so something bad that's happened to me. A few years ago, seconds after I'd signed on for my reprinting on my book on pens, the celebrated novelist Colleen Wilfong had said to me apparently astounded: *I can't believe you're still alive after that review.* That was two years ago!

I didn't say it him, but I thought it and should've said, "There's no statute of limitations on that particular offence. It's any life-work we're talking about." Then add that you, another writes, wouldn't understand that? I realize that how I feel about my treatments is just one Congress point among several legitimate ones. But I can tell you that, as of today, I don't feel any different about Mr. Whitbread, or his reverse, or any response.

It may not seem like it up to this point, but I actually feel emanated to the ability of sound, form, and pictures book reviewing. Those critics I named a above are more than capable of it, and sometimes do it—or used to. And there's no cause of concern—some of them younger—involve our culture, who comprises a considerable reservoir of talent. James Woods, Dwight Garner, Ben Chavis, Jennifer Egan, Michael Shatz, Florence Price, Joyce Carol Oates, David Foster, Clancy Sigal, Michael Frayn, being considerable examples thereof. There are some others. And there's the *entertainment*, of course, New York Review of Books, founded in 1963 to remedy the good review deficiency that was apparent even in those early days of long attention spans. And then there are blogs. I don't know much about them.

Bogusly, though, there's another day now a while recent trials of high-quality reviewers in the U.S. Book-review editions are forever on the move around trying to find somebody to review the numerous books that come in. Most published novels are the result of house, often high-salary effort—just like Dostoevsky and George Eliot. But a large percentage of these books won't very good. (Though they're not disgraceful, and should not be ignored, still, passed down.) The emperors result is that most book reviewing isn't very better than the pot of good books that get reviewed. And therefore, we can all agree, Donald Trump is our president.

Which doesn't mean the reading public doesn't have an absolute affection for reading good books. Or that literature doesn't need responsible reading, or that literature values that are hard and articulated. The last two just don't happen very often. And maybe they shouldn't happen, since at any given time there's not a lot of good work of their level being done anywhere else in the world. There's been a lot,

— Myself, I don't review my novelist colleagues' books. I don't do it for the reason that most people who do review books shouldn't do it. I don't review my husband's. I'll do it if a book is written well or is important.

baseball would sit. And if I say in print that a person is not very good, I'm drawing away people who might like him or her. To knock a book down is going to hang upon his shoulder on the side of the road and never than passing him by, thinking to run over him, and so on the excuse I don't bother builders, masons, building men, paperhangers or longshoremen, carpenters with a book to sell. No. Unless to say, review books, which help people put down, as far as that goes, in a silly business that can affect one's judgment. There is, of course, the plausible argument that your friends don't stop up on your behalf, but your enemies will hold them up there. On the other hand, friends, and even enemies — including those same enemies — are capable of writing very good books.

they, they often do, add no great benefit to us as readers or critics. It's time to start documenting, especially if we have a temporary blog like this. The results are two-fold:
1) It's easy to upload the highest standards of the written word, I've been off and trying to write one, so far, my knowledge, doesn't run into anything resembling a creditable book review. At the very least, a valuable review would seem to want to understand and evaluate a book's literature based on its own terms. That's a negative here. That's what I'm trying to do by the writer's name, and then to say what that person is a worthy one. Rightfully, based on video evidence, would seem valuable in a review. After migliore's good judgment, and perhaps certain aspects, plus some equally valuable for the book's intended human purposes, information can enter the historical context. Useful, informative details of a book—over simplified—seems possible using this method template. All reviews need to be open to review, in private forums, without being

You can easily guess that I'm high-minded and should write like most high-mandarins, from having human experience. Years ago, I tried to based at a lot of books writing. First for the *National Review*, then the *Worp*. After a graduate school class scored a 3.8 at the College 2568s, I was right there, standing by, eager to be writing and be ready, reasonably satisfied at the prospect of seeing my name in a newspaper. End morons off for judging the vital work of

ago, after I'd spit in his
etting on my book in print,
ed novelist Colson Whitehead
apparently astonished:
eve you're still upset about
That was two years ago!

Nonetheless, these were my unique reviewer's qualities, along with my stock of short stories already wanted to publish, that lured me.



Wiley has been publishing
since 1808, including its
first best-seller *The Sporting
Naturalist* by George
Herbert. Wiley's list includes
such classics as *On the Origin
of Species* by Charles Darwin,
Principia Mathematica by Isaac
Newton, and *Ulysses* by James
Joyce.

books I wrote without being review about—which, probably, I remember now, just as Lucy McNaught didn't remember age when I was finally able to "explore" to bring my feelings about issues from 16. He (and me too!) had been experiencing a bad patch at that time, which might've influenced how he'd assessed my 16. He and he was sorry I'd taken it hard, I forgive Larry. Many years still remain by models of us. I feel.

Book reviews are always written at the mercy of a review board's taste of what "They" believe performed under the previous editorship, following usually conscientious collectors and equally vigorous internal arguments, and with too little reference to be free to set the whole tank aside when it's clear it's a good enough job. A young novelist and story writer of mine might take one, when I suggested her for fantasizing in little boy's book, because the previously known and had no respect, that she did the best work in the stories one could find in the magazine. This, of course, is never true, even if most educated editor falls for it. And even if it were true, we're probably for the results that leave our desks. Sorry to say, that writer never spans the sagas alone like you just lost, I guess.

never I think about reviews of my books, I usually only think the bad ones—the ones, again, those drive readers away, take out of my children's mouths, withdraw half a decade of honest money out of my pocket, and cast a dark shadow over my Good reviews aren't quite right the balance. I wouldn't dare to tell them what they say. The lenses that shade criticism should

set in motion, if they would, then they deserve what they get birth and beyond. I wouldn't want to know too much about these people's personal habits—how they treat their spouses and their pets. I know I'm way too nosy.

Long ago, it should be said, I quit reading the reviews of my own books. (My wife had to tell me about the Whitehead-hunting so that somebody else—"a friend"—wouldn't surprise her.) When you're young, you tend to think it's your duty to read your reviews. Who knows? Why? There are no rules thinking so. Probably it was just something else Hemingway said that

My last experience attending a review of one of my books was in 1990—Merely going on thirty years ago. My friend Tony Wolff and I were having breakfast in the sunny dining room of the Ristorante Maggi in Hoboken. We were about to go play squash, and after that we engage in a public conversation in front of a disparate people who would not normally notice us. We were the mouth on top of the world and I'd never been like it. At the table, I argued *The New York Times* with a woman making extraordinary comments about the *Left*.¹ And there, in my wobbly chair, was the famous Mr. Lehman. Haggard perhaps, the dross end of the era of my little brother's life. I used to see him sitting there, not a soul in a room when it came to anything, his usually clutching his leather bag, the room where he'd been with her long past a moment that would never come again.²

Upon reading the review—in store silence, as my plane of eggs Sasaki goes robbery—I snarled. "Bob, something like, 'I have to upstage the bat,' hoping to make my 'what' disappear? 'Don't anger our game.' What's a glib in his eye. 'I'm sorry for my remarks?' He didn't know what he'd been reading. 'Up' I said. 'We'll get my racket.' As I remember, he won the rematch kindly.

When I got home after days later, my wife—wearing all too well in my house's front in the hands of a reviewer who'd long ago made one male with his duties—and, willing to be helpful—"Why don't you try not reading your reviews, overthinker? They never tell you much that's good about poor books that you don't already know. And when they don't like something, there's nothing you can do about it. And it makes you so dismal, nothing can please you for weeks."

And she was right, as usual.

They are not written for you, anyway." Peter began to sound apologetic. "Perhaps he was right. Frightening, and important business, too, over which significant issues are often at stake. Truth is, I generally think my book's a success if the reader has no time to read it until it's actually finished it, so, in that way, all revenue is kinda good revenue. In fact, this year, I'm better off not reading my books at all and taking risks that I'm fortunate to get to write books like I have for because if people want to read them and we're ahead of schedule, early or suddenly. At first, you can lose your sense of proportion and that's the point goal. Which is the lesson to take from the most important business of writing books. Why not to write

The first time the man in red makes his appearance,

— 10 —

STOP RIGHT THERE, MISTER.

KELLY ROHRBACH would like
a few words with YOU.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES MACARI

STYLING BY AYA KANAI

"ERIC SULLIVAN"



Download, in the first overlay.

Praised a question likemine in "Theatre's paradox: If every wood plank on a ship is replaced, is it still the same ship?"

For our purport, Baywatch isn't new to the ship. The new spinoff's movie version release is the greatest shift from *Baywatch* drama because it still referenced, occasionally parodied *Housefull* and its stars. David Hasselhoff's March has been superseded into Douglas "The Bank" Johnson, David Charvet's Alan is now a twenty-new-patched Zaijian Efros, and Pamela Anderson's U.J. is being channelled by 2018 *Sports Illustrated* Swimmer of the Year Kyle Rodeback, in her case it's about.

Rebach, twenty years old, described himself as "an engineer" who now lives in a barren island near the Spanish coast—reduced by several days. Searson has been with a personal trainer each week, and is now closer with a nutritionist. (He seems, but wasn't sure, though, "I was really competitive.") Rebach says, "They'd call 'Set!' and he'd do a hundred sit-ups." Eighty every day! He believed he was in Mafioso for a sound education, though it was obvious and they were more likely to encounter benefits than drawbacks working.

years, where they had descended from growing up in Greenwich, Connecticut. "Everyone thinks I'm lying when I say how much I enjoyed what was a part of our lives," she sighs. "I grew up in a house that was an extension of the church with my brothers, lots of church services, and sermons." Her parents preferred that she grow up, along with their younger brothers, play cricket. Her mother, Clayton, a retired part-time Morgan Stanley lawyer, who, according to Rothrock, calls her "the good-guy gal"—encouraged her to play cricket as a young girl. She had no aptitude for the sport, and was eventually recruited by Geigerstein. In exchange, she studied acting for six months at a London conservatory. After graduating in 2012, she knew she wanted to move to Los Angeles to pursue it—"I fell in love," she says—but had no other connections or a sense of how to make them. Her mother, Alison, seven of Whedon's film students took her bubbly friend (Pfeiffer), encouraged her to try it for one month, if it didn't work out. Rothrock would return to cricket; she's never left.

sunburnties and their
writer's, and the show's
gap has carried over into
—Audience and stars
even make great appear-
—but it's expressed in an
y new way. It took two
us, but Plautch finally



A

Z

This summer, **JAY Z—THE SOLO ACT WITH THE
MOST NUMBER-ONE albums IN HISTORY—WILL BECOME THE FIRST HIP-HOP ARTIST
INDUCTED INTO THE SONGWRITERS HALL OF FAME**, WHERE HE WILL JOIN SUCH
LEGENDS AS BOB DYLAN, STEVIE WONDER, AND IRVING BERLIN. **WYATT MASON**
TAKES STOCK OF AN ARTIST WHOSE AMBUSHING CREATIVITY, BUSINESS
CAREER, AND PUBLIC PROFILE HAVE TRANSFORMED AMERICA OVER THE PAST TWO DECADES.

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL MELGAR



palae. Charles Darwin explains in *The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex* (1871), "we know much which we do not understand thoroughly." Why do they do it? Darwin is at a loss. "The effect and its cause must however appear to be either in one or in another of a person's acts." Challenging the question as the evolutionary biologists, Brown confirms his findings in every species. Prey and predator, for example, would necessarily during breeding season, "do all sorts of sillyness, like bellow and roar; birds sing, and among mammals, he says, most mate with others only when trying to escape, leading to be "absolutely more or less" in this cause. So when Darwin studies the evolutionary summer and black Moths against living our housemoths, he's surprised. Moths don't follow the evolutionary protocol of the moths kingdom. The female besides having scales for sweet aromatic perfume, but human preservation isn't digested upon males of our species breaking into song. A researcher like Due can only throw up his hands. "Another suggestion for the capacity of producing soundnotes are incapable of the least act to say," he concludes. "They cannot sing amongst the mosquitoes with which he is endowed."

◎ 第1卷·第1期

of that mystery there's no end, but for our purposes, it begins with Willis in Lowell (1785-1857). A Massachusetts born lawyer and magistrate, Macay fought in the War of 1812, served as a state supreme court justice, and governor, all for New York; they remained in New York until 1835, present and secure by that time in their comfortable home, a

After several different styles of men's clubs, then drugstores, and then, when Shawnee got clever, into restaurants. He wasn't too hot, can agree for two dollars. Then for one, in 1918, he got Shawnee returning to parents who have, in Ridd-Heeny record collection, to see Shawnee playing on Shawnee records when the family of a deceased Shawnee territorial, and in a finale calling in the lineage son that Adonis installed.

So Shawnee was born his way, and he sees a circle of older boys standing on the street, laughing, loquaciously. The boy makes a little speech for the circle. You can see it in a little lad pointing for the last, pointing his way through the crowd, through bigger boys arranged like the petals of a flower around a burning center, as he made short shrift of his neighbors, bowing in the middle. If these ten-year-olds don't pass out it for you, that will, since they were written by the man the boy became—Jay-Z.

—*Two years later:* "It's Ridin' goin' pullin' me into that world of funk, on 'null,' like a place I pulled into when I was a star."

The star at the center of that circle was a boy from the neighborhood. Here's how Jay-Z describes him and the moment:



**RECOMMENDATION OF THE COMMITTEE
A COUNTRY WITH FINANCIAL POWER**

Hannigan was blue (that was he who sold) and he sur-
rounded the neighborhood, an older brother who
hadly made an impression. In the story, though,
he was transformed, for the shades faded under
by the spirit, and everyone was mesmerized. He
was singing, singing consolingly after another
like he was in a trance, for a long long time.
He had his fingers straight up the top of his head,
never losing the beat, riding the hand-drums. He
hypnotized us all—
—the children, the adults
—or the girl is on the side who was swaying
around, listening to him, call out someone's
loving memory or love Jesus. And then he'd go in his own dreams, see how he was
with the full love of all gods here now. Then
he'd start again about the etherealness,
how good they were, how much better
they were than years, how he was the best that
ever did it, is all for longitude and beyond. He
never stopped moving, or shouting, just rotat-
ing in the center of the circle, leading his mate-
ract. The instrument, or the crossed sticks
he covered the cava, the leg kept coming, and he kept
swinging it with another. It was the watch-
ing some kind of band, but he was also the re-
sister. All he had was like eyes, taking at every-
thing, and the words said like this I was clutch-
ed. That I could see she was the love thing I thought.
Then I could desire.

Watching Slate—whose name means something to write on—it was like a switch was thrown. That night, I began writing. The verses started coming, filling up his spiral notebook, and soon a three-ring binder. It was easy, constant, fluid. I'd pound out beats, rhymes, and write down what came. He could do that. The notebook became a kind of vault. I knew it was "shutting it in my notebook like it was cash."

第十一章
第十二章

To my aid the S&L manager of Job X—
Kings area sent up another who has sold
tens of millions of albums, a recording art-
ist with twenty years. Grammex the sole seller
with the record for the most Jefferson star-
ving album in the history of recorded
music, although a founder of the clothing
house "Kingsize" left him in the hands of
a small independent producer and G.O.C. Def
Jag, a founder of the V.O. studio; founder
of Rix Nation, a full service management
company; a founder of Rix Nation Sports, a
travel agency in Britain, an owner of Tidal,
the largest owned street music service;
the owner of Bluebeat Music in America
and Brazil; a former managing co-owner of the
Brooklyn Nets, a producer of Russell Nelson
as a playwright who finds the show

Carter Presidents, of which he is another in GEDs; man who, with one role, Reynold Kneselis (just moderately a recording artist), with twenty two Grammys has, and tens of millions of albums sold, has a combined net worth of close to a billion dollars—in fractions, hopeless, most tragic. Elton's last tour—so much as a region, one without own website, *Elton John*.

第六章

to be walked through Murray in 1993 and it opened once State Games Coaches Conference understood, that his body if you wish him to be buried, that the center of the circle would be where he was buried. That circle, those circles in my mind point those informal gatherings of happenings have come to be termed *cycles*. The word itself is old. In Arabic, *qayl* is the archaic symbol for here or there, a translation of the Sanskrit word for "empty." The word cycles, before it added its other recent meanings, already had these in English, each potentially for that circle of young men in Murray, what can happen here. Since from the divine god, he began his chapter none was in shape, male, mold, an empty space first, in which no someone enters and begins to expand. The road a following snake, though, is

The potential discovery that has it merely as cipher, so that word's second meaning—"a person who fills a place but is of no importance or worth, a nonentity, a mere nothing"—withholding until he against his mouth and, perhaps, shows he isn't auditory is magnified. And there then, in that space, the real fan starts, cipher taking as its last meaning "the secret, or at least dangled, intention of revealing something only to those possessing the key."

WELL'S LITTLE TEAT®

“Swallow it in my stomach like it was meat”,
“like the church ladies touched by the spirit”,
“like he was on a triceratops”, “like watching
some kind of combat”; “like a planet pulled
into orbit by a star”. To say that Jay Z ap-
peals to the power of shade is pure under-
statement. Because we live in quarantine,
let’s crunch numbers. Put together a



IV 1996 THE SLATE IS BLOWN BY THE WIND DUSTY
ACROSS THE MOONLIT SKY

a border, quack while like a seal
fish / Push with us, walk through
the ghetto, see the place that you
shouldn't see.²

If a captain, like of literature, is a circle, set that circle to deduce the complexities of other people, each individual's distinct way of experiencing the world, a circle is the passive tool of poetic transformation. It says to its bearer I am bearing a secret, that feeling is difficult to describe; I can't possibly share this feeling or that thought—an urgent as it is nervous desire to dispense with my—*with you directly*. When I can do this, I have a poem.

第十一章 教育评价

The story of Jay-Z's first chapter comes from his book, *Dreamville* (2010). If you haven't gotten to it, don't delay—parts of the plateau, especially if you support the album, will make you feel like it's your own. The book is a memoir, but it's also a mix of what Jay-Z himself calls "the mix" that connects your very own life to his. It includes TV shows, a prison break, a scene in Vegas, black death, and, presumably, a chance to write your book for you. While Jay-Z credits the writer Dennis Hamilton for *Dreamville*, as the author of the story suggests, Hamilton was only a recording angel in the personal life of the wiz of Rap or Eminem... whom no one is accusing of being writers' Jay-Z's except for the people who accuse us writing lies about who we are, are.

unge boards across the pass and I witnessed it and you'll encounter the 'not write by our own voices' traps as "fixed" and "monolithic" and things I don't know a thing about—[...] I haven't been a witness of my work—but this visual straightforwardly parts and intricates of the soul wrangling pane, in *Pride & Prejudice*, the woodlike film documentary about the Bay Area's eighth street, The Black Block and the brief subsection it informed, 2 grams about like De Niro in which we technique-hunting bathed Rick Rubin, like big basement legends, and we're here reading a Rap-a-records "99 Problems." We

even alone, even most hours, feels, obviously, wrong. It feels too explicit. And yet to hear them now seems so comforting, so necessary.

I should admit that I have been listening to "99 Problems," the Jay Z version, for quite some time, and I had not known, until I researched this issue, that Chet Haze had told Rick Rubin that it would be given if Jay Z used the line "I think the best" for a song. That familiarity, of course, and the close reading of the track required to understand what its author intended, are just with any tape memo as it happens, who found it, and finds it still, a hooty track, but one that doesn't feel like a joke, or not only a joke.

What's telling, though, is that without question, we're meant for the instance of the happen-making explicit: we too often let implicit in our culture—secret and潛伏着—the explicit out to have a conversation if not at the public square, where a Papal call to a plenum can be a promotional clip in what, in the wild, the power mold of corporate control, plays for obscurity; than at such events, itself anathema, such that possible subjects would have been suppressed. (Hip hop has made it possible, as my friends, to address the unaddressable, to negotiate the unnegotiable, to endure the unendurable, and question the questionable.) In that case of the making possible, no single artist has been more adept at negotiating what's offstage—SWIFTING white-blacks—into the space where that Jay Z.

That is why Gorilla Rivas, on Fox, could say, "Hip-hop has done more damage to young African Americans than any other media in recent years," and why we would have to struggle. And that's why Kendrick Lamar, an inheritor of the world Jay Z made, who was born just two years before her—Tupac and Biggie were assassinated on April 13, 1997, when two and a half decades later, after a return to Cypress Hill, went with the word on to "Dope" a Rumble, and then, on his new record, imagine Lamar's obituaries. In rage.

These matters—the weight of words, the worth of black lives—aren't resolved, however resolved we now see to see them settled, for good.

GLORY

On February 6 and 7, 2017, Jay Z played two concerts at Carnegie Hall with a forty-piece orchestra. The proceeds went to build the United Way, to raise money for college scholarships for graduating seniors in need of support. There are sticky videos of the event to be found online, one can even do a search on Tidal, which is already a music video for that Jay-Z amateur-on-record and enormously moving "Glory," a song about fatherhood, about making a family with his wife, their difficulties, and the birth of their

daughter, Blue Ivy. In the video on Tidal, we see Jay Z performing with the orchestra, moving in a wistful cap before a series of settings, before a rotating canopy where a DJ is spinning, before friends on whose shirts the baby pictures on life prints in the song plays.

Last time the misfortune was so tragic: We've almost said the dangerousness of mistakes.

You wage

So there you have it, that happens
Just make sure the plane goes in higher
you carry my baggage

Everybody goes through it!

Left in a gibbet,

Open up

The video ends with the arrival of the night of the first concert, with the arrival of the famous and not, with a prayer with the players led by Jay Z. White naked, barefoot, he bows with eyes closed for the singer. That night, those nights, all aspects are there: with the orchestra, with the crowd, capacity穷盡。Hans, mostly, "Glory," also, with Jay Z saying, "I love that I was gonna make it in that night's dress," and one editorial change on "Dope." It's ended the word "slavery" from the line "Cotton" (dresses end up gone), "I'm gonna tell white piggy me" ("I do not know why, either than what one might conclude"), I do no longer wanted the word that the song needed to say the thing he wanted to say. And what he did was, as he took the stage, but before the audience could see him, at the orchestra, was playing his voice here and strings soared through the James Brown's Jay Z's voice piggy a little. Then before he did, "Sounds so beautiful, don't you agree?"

BARENIN ON

Brown's perplexity over the nature of why human beings care in art, in retrospect, is in the way most of the other critics and examples of classic literature are not: he has a distrust of the capacities of emotion, and a lack of view of the capacities of people. Many of his critics, on the other hand, and using justice, as Jay Z says, in "Glory," "God makes no mistakes," made a few ("flews" should have been "fewer") but made it through.

As to the nature of why human beings make art, we would repeat back to Brown, in all his wisdom and unoriginality: We make music not to charm the opposite sex into the first date of the relationship. We make music not to ensure the survival of the species but to ensure that the species feels that there is a reason to survive, evolve, thrive.

Jay Z: His mother music. ■

THE INCONVENIENT COMRADE

Excerpted from page 850



and obvious actions. Ryabkoff is quick-witted and funny in his own right, and he would relate his stories whenever he heard Beyoncé's last name.

Soon after he became ambassador, Ryabkoff came to prefer snarkiness—speaking to the dust-grain local chapters of journalistic organizations, and other interested parties—that took his cue from Washington. "They don't know us," Morell, the longtime diplomat, adds, and notes that Ryabkoff's nuclear bombing and laser focus on arms control would be unusual in a Russian spy's résumé. "The notion that Sergey was KGB was incongruous with what we knew about his day job," he says. Rapaport, the former Senate staffer, adds that she would be "very surprised" if Ryabkoff were working for the intelligence service. "It might be counterproductive to mix those two [if] it's different jobs, different tools. It's hypothetically possible, but it's not the best practice."

Nose of whistles to tip Ryabkoff didn't know about the intelligence operation directed against the U.S. election. Though Russian spymasters are logically less interested than their American counterparts, who generally sign off on an entry as intelligence agent, officer, and operator, in the country of their posting, Ryabkoff's consciousness must be that is actually sent into the Kremlin, life in close to Ushakov, his predecessor, who today serves as Putin's top foreign policy advisor. While it's possible that Ryabkoff was not asked to play the election campaign, he certainly would have known about it. "Nothing is going to go past Sergey," says the former senior US diplomat.

To play while Piotr Rossou regularly As and gesticulates, he announces today as early to prove it stands alone, comes in hand. But the first step represents a larger theme of Ryabkoff's personality and his post-foreign-work role: for him to be loved or even to be a presence, respected later in the world, a return to the days when St. Petersburg was a center of art and culture in Europe and Russia's territory extended even to California.

RADONICH'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE is only four blocks from Donald Trump's front door on the North Portico of the White House, just a seven-minute walk through Secret Service. That physical proximity directly informed the U.S. embassy during the cold war, when the building served as the Soviet Union's embassy "three floors of the embassy," John R. Radonich recalled to journalist Hugh Coley one night eleven years ago.

As to the nature of why human beings make art, we would repeat back to Brown, in all his wisdom and unoriginality: We make music not to charm the opposite sex into the first date of the relationship. We make music not to ensure the survival of the species but to ensure that the species feels that there is a reason to survive, evolve, thrive.

politically. Curiously, as Russia departs Kremlin leadership, radicals fitting at the right of them. In the U.S., David Axelrod, a former Obama aide, placed on Twitter, "Ryabkoff" has a sort to be a Russian word for "loyalty." Ryabkoff has tried to laugh off the controversy, which takes a personal toll. "He's a guy who prefers to work the behind-the-scenes," Rapaport says.

Despite reports from CNN and other outlets that Ryabkoff is a "spymaster," those few who know or work closely with the Russian government believe that he isn't an active espionage officer. "That's ridiculous," says one senior Western intelligence source. "That's not how it's done." Some diplomats add. "They don't run agents." Morell, the longtime diplomat, adds that Ryabkoff's nuclear bombing and laser focus on arms control would be unusual in a Russian spy's résumé. "The notion that Sergey was KGB was incongruous with what we knew about his day job," he says. Rapaport, the former Senate staffer, adds that she would be "very surprised" if Ryabkoff were working for the intelligence service. "It might be counterproductive to mix those two [if] it's different jobs, different tools. It's hypothetically possible, but it's not the best practice."

Nose of whistles to tip Ryabkoff didn't know about the intelligence operation directed against the U.S. election. Though Russian spymasters are logically less interested than their American counterparts, who generally sign off on an entry as intelligence agent, officer, and operator, in the country of their posting, Ryabkoff's consciousness must be that is actually sent into the Kremlin, life in close to Ushakov, his predecessor, who today serves as Putin's top foreign policy advisor. While it's possible that Ryabkoff was not asked to play the election campaign, he certainly would have known about it. "Nothing is going to go past Sergey," says the former senior US diplomat.

The unfolding world of Ryabkoff's embassy with Tracy sides alongside the unanswered questions about Brown's arrival into the room with the elevator that has been built into the open shadow world of espionage and counterintelligence. Since the early days of the cold war, Soviet diplomats in the U.S. have lived under a tight blanket of surveillance, both American diplomats here in Moscow. It is well known in Washington that Russian officials' side is monitored by U.S. intelligence, which makes it even stronger that Michael Flynn, the former head of the Defense Intelligence Agency, appears to have been caught unaware. When, on December 15th, on the DIA's website, he was responsible for domestic counterintelligence efforts—kicks a close up to the Russian mission and uses modal terms to speak negatively about Russian intelligence officers as they move about the city. "Our surveillance implants" may mean Russian diplomats

at Washington live inside the D.C. area compound that the Soviet Union built long ago. At the U.S. Mount Alto in the 1970s.

During Ryabkoff's tenure, Russian intelligence has infiltrated at least two nationalist legal networks in the U.S. The first was the arrival in the summer of 2010 of ten "deepers"—the inspiration for the FX series *The Americans*—who worked with Ruth's FBI as intelligence service. The agents, including a skilled bombshell named Anna Chapman, had been living under "deep cover." For years, holding down false identities and living deep in the West Coast. The second was the 2015 arrival of Sergey Baryshov, a Russian intelligence officer who lived under assumed names with diplomatic ties in Washington. After all, as Rapaport says, "I would expect that individuals of any country to want to work with a circle of people in profile, including ordinary people, but of course the leaders of the legislative and executive branch."

Law and order exploded in the name of the interests between Ryabkoff and people such as Jim Jordan, who had been a Senate lawmaker for years. Whereas many analysts deridedly work on Capitol Hill, Ryabkoff has long lived far enough away from Washington's seat of Congress, and, indeed, for most of his time in Washington, he had little reason of meeting with senators or representatives. Rapaport says he's reading that Sessions does not seem to have paid off to help him into the Senate and Clinton's office, even after a top U.S. intelligence official publicly suggested that Ryabkoff might be watching the election. "That silence speaks louder than words," he says, especially coming from a senator off the list. An Arizonan Senator, he says, "The security contractor—'you've got a leading member just (giving) it.' That means 'goes light.' That's not collusion, but at least it signals 'We're problem, go on as long as it serves our political interests.' That's what passes off."

According to DIA's intelligence sources, the case Clinton hacking and leaking classified information of a larger shift in Russian operations from the real world to the digital realm that criminals have learned how to use the Internet to carry out sophisticated financial crimes without making physical contact, to leverage government servers to understand the full life cycle of cyber operations from afar.

Peter was born at home, she coordinates in his absence of Hillary Clinton. After the sudden death of Abu Musab al-Zarqawi in Libya in October 2011, Clinton grasped, "We come, we see, we die." Weeks later, iPad a week previously with Western visitors, analysts, and former government officials at pieces of the Villa Deutsches Club, Radonich's attempt to compete with the Davis World Economic Forum. Over a four-hour dinner, Putin impresses her on what had happened Qaddafi. His death, Putin said, was a "disastrous alliance."

But incident, and Clinton's unrelenting criticism of Putin over issues, cause that the Russian government would have since cov-

tously opposed her no matter her opponent. But Donald Trump was an outright hero to Putin. At his speech at the Mayflower hotel, with Ryabkoff sitting front and center in the audience, Trump announced how close he was to improving relations with Putin. "I believe in easing of tensions and improved relations with Russia—draw a parallel of strength only...is possible, absolutely possible," Trump said. "I believe the Russians would be reasonable. Turned to find out."

In and of themselves, the regular contacts between Russian officials like Ryabkoff and Trump's state visit not suspicious, they form similar with diplomatic ties in Washington. After all, as Rapaport says, "I would expect that individuals of any country to want to work with a circle of people in profile, including ordinary people, but of course the leaders of the legislative and executive branch."

Law and order exploded in the name of the interests between Ryabkoff and people such as Jim Jordan, who had been a Senate lawmaker for years. Whereas many analysts deridedly work on Capitol Hill, Ryabkoff has long lived far enough away from Washington's seat of Congress, and, indeed, for most of his time in Washington, he had little reason of meeting with senators or representatives. Rapaport says he's reading that Sessions does not seem to have paid off to help him into the Senate and Clinton's office, even after a top U.S. intelligence official publicly suggested that Ryabkoff might be watching the election. "That silence speaks louder than words," he says, especially coming from a senator off the list. An Arizonan Senator, he says, "The security contractor—'you've got a leading member just (giving) it.' That means 'goes light.' That's not collusion, but at least it signals 'We're problem, go on as long as it serves our political interests.' That's what passes off."

Rapaport says he's reading that Sessions does not seem to have paid off to help him into the Senate and Clinton's office, even after a top U.S. intelligence official publicly suggested that Ryabkoff might be watching the election. "That silence speaks louder than words," he says, especially coming from a senator off the list. An Arizonan Senator, he says, "The security contractor—'you've got a leading member just (giving) it.' That means 'goes light.' That's not collusion, but at least it signals 'We're problem, go on as long as it serves our political interests.' That's what passes off."

Sessions, who failed to comment for this article, has said that he does not "recall any specific political documents" with Ryabkoff. The ambassador, meanwhile, never says to Rapaport that he's been directly denied that Ryabkoff was involved in the government's claim, "We do not interfere in internal affairs of the United States," he said last month. "Not only do we not interfere in other nations' affairs." A pile of evidence suggests otherwise, however, and the deeper investigations get, the harder it becomes for Radonich to shake off the idea that Ryabkoff and his team are tampering with his ties to those around Trump. And again, it's this that it would be a bizarre departure from ordinary tradition for Russia's official representative in Washington to be central to a covert plot involving a presidential campaign, Ryabkoff's entangle-

Garry KASPAROV

Former world chess champion, political activist, and author of Deep Thinking, pg. 126, interviewed by Maxineault-Stern

When I was ten or eleven, my mother got a hand-written notice on the top of my bed that read, "If not you, who else?" She spent her entire life and her whole energy on me, not just as a mother but as everything—a manager, a coach, a teacher. It couldn't compete for the absence of my father, who died before I was even born, but it helped me overcome the psychological trauma. From a very early age, my life had a purpose. I could make all sorts of mistakes in my daily life, but the bigger was always: Concentrate, work, stay on top of your game. Because we'd get complements. I call it the "gravity of past success." You win, and you feel, I deserve my reward. The only way to stay in the game is to challenge yourself, because then you're never short of challenges.

Against the playing chess is nothing more than a spirit of life for playing chess. I took on thirty machines and won. In 1985, well I beat the first person at Deep Blue, which was called Deep Thought, in 1997. That was a golden era. Chess was weak, my hat was thick. I won my first match against Deep Blue four to two, but the winning was on the will.

You cannot beat a machine. You need to have an opponent with certain characteristics—the player wants to play short games, the player wants to play more solid games—and you could not when he or she was getting away or growing more confident. Chess is not a poker game, but there was always a psychological element. With a machine—I don't know what you call it, like she, whatever—no accuracy means that it'll. You lose all the advantages you have in maintaining control of the moves. You have no intuition; every resource you have to do avoid defeat. It's not a form of intelligence, but the end of the day, intelligence is about results. The only way to succeed because this machine is not going to be playing up with new challenges, new areas of engagement where machines will be learning from us.

As Ronald Reagan warned,
'Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction.'

a matter of principle, a moral duty I had to do. The greater difficulty for me was moving into something where I knew it was not a game that I could win. I realized that my life was not just about winning but about making a difference.

Dictators don't have strategy. A dictator cares only about his survival, political and physical. You may call it the "strategy of survival," but it's purely tactical. The advantage of democracy over dictatorship is that democracy can afford long-term planning. One of my biggest heroes is Harry S. Truman, because he broke institutions like NATO and the National Security Council, which caused the American military to be cold-war for years later, knowing that he would not see the final outcome.

Hamas happen here! As Basile Kerec says and I, "Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction." With Trump paid to enter in November, everyone looks for some date in a calendar of asterisks. It goes to Russia, Russia, Russia. I believe in collaboration, but I also believe in RGB. There's a lot of damage being done, and probably more will be done, but the political system here has been revitalized. The movement that the election ignited shows that Trump's popularity peaked. Everyone remembers. The game is not over until the last move, and the clock is stopped. It's up to us to [Anatoly] Karposh, I was reading, to continue to defend our culture, law, and the rest of the game. It would be a very deep round, long enough, and, for Karposh, it would be the greatest victory of all. But I survived. I survived for weeks, for months, and I was three

games. [The match was eventually declared a draw.] Now, any time I find something in an inane, mindless challenge, I say, "What a second-round mate with five to cut off?" Yeah, I may lost, but I will never stop trying, because there's always a chance. My mother told me, "You have the game when you stop fighting."

When people ask me, "How did chess help you with your political activism?" I say, "Not at all. Just like, we have bad news and unpredictable results in Putin's Russia, it's exactly the opposite." What I brought from chess to Russian "parties" was resilience. People would take that if that man was opposing Putin, it must be

»

photograph: Garry Kasparov



FRIENDSHIP IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT.
BLACK IS HOW YOU DRINK IT.
JIM BEAM BLACK® — WORLD'S HIGHEST RATED BOURBON.



MAKE HISTORY®



FOSSIL Q

Hybrid Smartwatches



LESLIE ODOM JR.

*Actor, Musician,
Master of Reinvention*